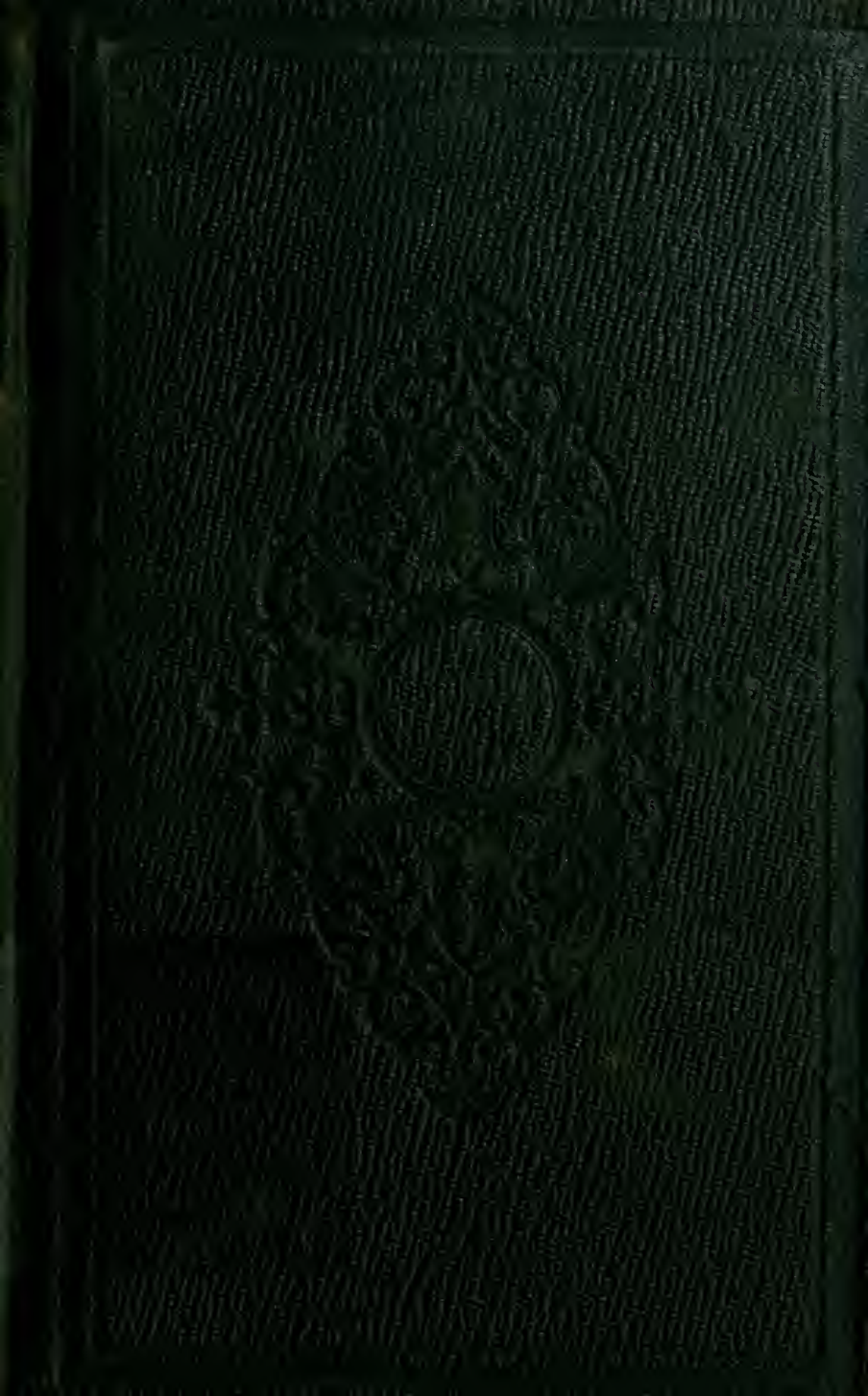

# THE MISSIONARY OF KILMANY:

BEING A

# Memoir of Alexander Paterson,

## WITH NOTICES OF ROBERT EDIE.

BY

THE REV. JOHN BAILLIE,

AUTHOR OF "MEMOIR OF REV. W. H. HEWITSON."

"His labors have been more blest than those of any man I know. I have had many a precious letter from him."—DR. CHALMERS.

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The following brief Memoir was undeataken at the instance of various friends (among others, the Rev. Dr. Hanna and James Cunningham, Esq., Edinburgh), who were anxious that the life and labors of such a man should not pass unrecorded. The Author—not without some misgiving—has made the attempt. May the Lord crown it with His blessing!

*March* 15, 1853.

## PREFATORY NOTE TO SECOND EDITION.

The Author has satisfaction in acknowledging the very cordial welcome which the "Missionary of Kilmany" has received. Among other testimonies which have reached him, he cannot forbear selecting a single example. In a letter, dated "London, April 4, 1853," and quoted, by permission, in this place, the Earl of Shaftesbury writes:—

"These are the records which do more to prove the truth of Christianity than all the logic and all the books of evidences thrown into one.

"But if they prove the truth of Christianity, they prove also how few real Christians there are; and how the best and purest of these are found in the humblest and the poorest walks of life. It puts to shame all of us who figure away in public, and

obtain some praise, and much abuse, in the part we take. Where have we, in 'conspicuous' life, any one to approach the physical and spiritual labors of this humble saint? He entered, without reserve, into the apostolical counsel to 'avoid foolish questions, and genealogies, and contentions, and strivings about the law,' and adopted the determination 'to know nothing but Jesus Christ and Him crucified!' Here is the true secret of the ministerial power, whether it be in the palace of Cæsar, in the deserts of Africa, or in the foul dens of Glasgow and London.

"May God, in His mercy, give us many such! They are 'the salt of the earth.'"

These are weighty words. They are quoted, not for mere empty compliment, but in the hope that others may be stirred up to imitate the pattern of self-denying labor and of self-forgetting zeal, which those paragraphs so vividly describe.

14*th April*, 1853.

# THE MISSIONARY OF KILMANY.

## CHAPTER I.

The Starting Point—The Two Converts—The Plantation—Early Life—Education—Kilmany—"The Shepherd"—The Weekly Holiday—The Loom—Aspirations—Foster—"Like a Foreigner in the Place"—Illness—Parish Manse, and Pulpit—The Preacher a New Man—Dr. Chalmers and Alexander Paterson, First Meeting—Manse Study—The Parish Newsmonger and the Awakened Sinner—The Two Anxious Inquirers—Night Colloquies—Peace in Believing—Dedication to the Lord—The "Trysting-Tree."

"It was in the spring of 1812, and the preacher's text was John, iii. 16,—'God so loved the world, that He gave His only-begotten Son, that whosoever believeth in Him should not perish, but have everlasting life.' Two young men heard that sermon,—the one the son of a farmer in the parish, the other the son of one of the villagers. They met as

the congregation dispersed; 'Did you feel anything particularly in church to-day?' said Alexander Paterson to his acquaintance Robert Edie, as they found themselves alone upon the road. 'I never,' he continued, 'felt myself to be a lost sinner till to-day, when I was listening to that sermon.' 'It is very strange,' said his companion; 'it was just the same with me.' They were near a plantation, into which they wandered, as the conversation proceeded. Hidden at last from all human sight, it was proposed that they should join in prayer. Both dated their conversion from that day."*

The preacher was Thomas Chalmers. The two converts were the first fruits of his ministry. The humble ploughman who that day took his place at Christ's feet, was to be honored to do a great work for his Lord. "From that moment," was the remark of Dr. Chalmers long afterwards, "it emphatically may be said of him, that he 'did what he could;' his la-

* Dr. Hanna's Memoirs of Dr. Chalmers, vol. i. p. 429.

bors have been more blessed than those of any man I know."

Alexander Paterson was born at Kilmany, Fifeshire, in 1790. His education was of the most limited kind, extending over one or two months during a few of the winters of his early childhood. As he grew up into boyhood, he was employed as a herd on the farm of Mr. Edie, the father of that Robert Edie who by-and-bye was to become his bosom-friend. Naturally of a bland and kindly temperament, he occupied his leisure hours in the fields knitting stockings for his favorites in the village; and, when the herding was over for the day, he might be seen in some neighbor's garden, especially in the little plots of some aged females, digging, or raking, or planting, as earnestly as if he had been laboring for hire. The genial nature which thus early manifested itself, was to open for him in after-years many a door to the hearts of the abandoned and the forlorn.

In Kilmany there lived in those days a village oracle, known by the name of "the Shepherd." He was an old man with silvery locks,—a relic of that noble peasantry of another age, which had adorned the Scottish martyrology with many a lowly confessor. In the winter evenings, he used to gather round him a little circle of eager listeners. It was noticed that in that circle the place of the young herd was rarely vacant. "What," was his mother's frequent and rather impatient inquiry, "what makes you go so much to the shepherd?" "The shepherd," he would reply, "has a better head than any of you: it would be telling you all if you were like him,—he can repeat the Catechism from beginning to end without missing a word."

Another companionship was formed, and of a tenderer kind. There was attending, in these years, at a school in Cupar, a frank, open-hearted boy, the son of the farmer of Easter Kilmany, and three years the junior of the subject of our Memoir. As each Saturday

returned, there might be observed, on the road betwixt Cupar and Kilmany, two lads meeting each other with a right joyous welcome. It was Alexander Paterson and Robert Edie, entering on the happy weekly holiday. The kindred spirits were together: that was itself the holiday. It was a fellowship of hearts: the soul of David was knit to the soul of Jonathan. And the friendship was to be cemented by a holier tie than the tie even of affection; like David's and Jonathan's it was to be a fellowship in the Lord.

As he rose into manhood, Alexander took his place beside his father at the loom. There, as in every work he undertook, he was *in earnest.* He excelled, we are informed, all his fellows at weaving, both as to the amount and the quality of his work. It is told of the great Foster—for he also was once at the loom—that he would often shut himself up in a neighboring barn for a considerable time to read, and then come out and weave for two or three hours, "working," as an eye-witness ex-

pressed it, "like a horse." Like Foster, the youthful weaver of Kilmany was often missing from his shuttle. On these occasions he was sure to be found in a neighboring stackyard with his friend of the farm, reading, out of a Diary, lines of poetry and striking sentences, which he had culled from the well-thumbed volumes which composed his humble library.

Foster abandoned the loom, because he felt "like a foreigner in that place;"—God had other work for him, and He took him elsewhere. For Alexander Paterson, also, God had other work; and, leading him by a way which he knew not, He carried forward the workman to his appointed post.

The steps were painful to the flesh. The confinement at the loom had been gradually weakening his once robust frame. In the year 1811 he was seized with an illness which was pronounced to be incipient consumption.

In the parish manse, and pulpit, there had lately been witnessed unwonted scenes. "I remember," wrote Dr. Chalmers long after-

wards, "that somewhere about the year 1811, I had Wilberforce's *View* put into my hands, and, as I got on in reading it, felt myself on the eve of a great revolution in all my opinions about Christianity." For upwards of six years previous to that period, the minister had been delivering to the astonished rustics moral harangues—magnificent, indeed, in diction, and charged with the most brilliant oratory, but ignoring the conscience of the sinner, and ignoring the grace of God. At last, however, he had been taken to a sick-bed, and a new light had there begun to dawn. "I am now," is his own subsequent allusion to the crisis through which his soul had passed,—"I am now most thoroughly of opinion, and it is an opinion founded on experience, that on the system of—'Do this and live,' no peace, and even no true and worthy obedience, can ever be obtained. It is—'Believe in the Lord Jesus Christ, and thou shalt be saved.' When this belief enters the heart, joy and confidence enter along with it. We look to God in a

new light—we see Him as a reconciled Father; that love to Him which terror scares away, re-enters the heart, and with a new principle and a new power, we become new creatures in Jesus Christ our Lord."

The preacher had become a new man. "Had more intimate communion with God in solitary prayer," is the entry in his Diary on November 4th, "than I had ever felt before; and my sentiment was a total, an unreserved, and a secure dependence on Christ the Saviour. O may I enjoy his cross, and may it be all my glory." And the man had become a new preacher. "May I give," is his entry on a Sabbath evening a fortnight afterwards, "my most strenuous efforts to the great work of preparing a people for eternity."

It was whilst this work was going forward in the heart and in the pulpit of the minister, that the disabled weaver was first awakened to concern about his soul.

The sickness startled him. At his father's request, the minister visited him. The first

meeting was curious. "When he saw the minister coming towards the house," says our informant, "he made his escape as fast as possible." As yet he did not know the largeness of heart, and the tender kindly sympathy, of him who was ere long to be his spiritual father.

Another meeting—in striking contrast with the first—soon followed. It is recorded by Dr. Chalmers, in his Journal, thus:—

"*December* 26*th*, 1811. Had a call in the evening from A. Paterson, who had been reading 'Baxter on Conversion,' and is much impressed by it. A. P. finds that he cannot obtain a clear view of Christ. O God, may I grow in experience and capacity for the management of these cases. It is altogether a new field to me, but I hope that my observations will give stability to my views and principles on this subject, and that my senses will be exercised to discern good and evil."

The manse-study witnessed many such meetings. No time was grudged by the minister, which was spent in the all-important work of

guiding distressed souls to the Saviour. It was "altogether a new field to him," but it was the field which of all others he now delighted to cultivate. Never had John Bonthron, the parish-newsmonger, been in former days more welcome at the manse, than was now an awakened sinner.

Two anxious inquirers were often there that winter. The same stirring ministrations which touched the conscience of Alexander Paterson, had come home to the heart of Robert Edie. At one time separately, at another time together, the two friends might be seen of an evening entering the manse-door, bent on the all-momentous errand. "With all the kindliness of his manner," says our informant, "and clearness of his intellect, Dr. Chalmers on these occasions opened up to both inquirers the way of life." Not unfrequently, our informant adds, the conversation became so engrossing that they did not leave the manse till two o'clock in the morning, when instead of returning home to sleep, Paterson, who had

now removed to a farm some miles distant, and was engaged at the plough, arrived in time only to commence the operations of the day.

Instructive scenes—those night-colloquies! Let the reader try to picture them. "I have a very lively recollection," says Robert Edie, depicting a kindred scene witnessed by him in the following year, "of the intense earnestness of his addresses on occasions of visitation in my father's house, when he would unconsciously move forward on his chair to the very margin of it, in his anxiety to impart to the family and servants the impressions of eternal things, which so filled his own soul."* It was thus he labored, hour after hour, to remove the difficulties and dispel the anxieties of the inquirers at these lengthened interviews. Like the Master at the well, he forgot his fatigues, in his efforts to lead to the fountain one thirsting soul.

"Prayers and pains," he used to say, quoting the favorite apopthegm of John Eliot,—

* Chalmer's Memoirs, vol. i. p. 410.

"Prayers and pains can do anything." His prayers and pains the Lord blessed. The scene in the plantation, given in our opening paragraph, indicates the result. Like their teacher a year before, the two inquirers found peace in believing. An entry in Dr. Chalmers' journal seems to indicate the breaking forth of the sunshine,—"*Sunday, March* 1*st.* Alexander Paterson, who called on me yesterday, called on me to-night also. He tells me that he has obtained more comfort." And what kind of comfort is meant, we may gather from another sentence in the same entry, expressing his own. "I had a very near and intimate perception of my Saviour this evening. I felt . . joyful communion with God."

But the reader shall hear the outpouring of the new convert's heart. "I hope," we find him writing to his friend Robert Edie, (in 1812,) "you are putting on strong resolutions to follow your great Redeemer, who came from the bosom of His Father, and tabernacled among sinful men. The time is drawing near,

that we are to commemorate that awful event which took place at Jerusalem. Oh the love of Christ—it passes all understanding. 'Come, saith the Lord, let us reason together; though your sins be as scarlet, they shall be white as snow; though they be red like crimson, they shall be as wool.' Now we are to sit down at the table of the Lord. We enlist ourselves to that great Captain of our salvation. We therefore must take the helmet of salvation, and the breast-plate of faith.

"It is not in man that walketh," he adds, "to direct his steps. We must pray to God for His Spirit to help us in the time of need. And this is a time of great need; for the devil will be going about like a roaring lion, to cast us down into the pit. O, my lovely friend, what think you of Christ? Do you find some warm love burning in your breast?"

After the two converts had been at the table, he again writes,—"I hope, my dear Robert, you have tasted that the Lord is gracious. We have enlisted ourselves to be His faithful sol-

diers, to fight under Him; and he will be a faithful Captain. Oh Robert, as we have vowed to be the Lord's, may we defer not to pay our vows now unto Him who is worthy to receive all honor and glory. Since we have tasted His body, may this be a means of dethroning sin that has so much dominion over us. May we live no longer to ourselves, but to Him who died for our sins, but is risen again. Oh that we could bear about with us the dying of our Lord. Oh that our thoughts were always settled upon Him, and our conversation becoming the gospel; for we must be Christians, not in word only, but in deed also.

"We must make head," he continues, "against sin now. We must be forgetting the things which are behind, and be pressing on towards those things which are before. O God do thou take up thy abode in each of our hearts. Oh perfect thy strength in our weakness, and make thy grace sufficient for us. O Lord, hold up our goings. Let not our footsteps slip out of thy ways."

And in another letter, also dated 1812,—"I wish that we could have our conversation in the heavens, then would sin become evil and loathsome in our eyes. Oh may we be often at the throne of grace pouring out our hearts before God."

These letters were written from the "Bothy" of a farm in the neighboring parish of Logie, to which Alexander Paterson had removed after recovering from his illness. The friends used still to meet at the church of Kilmany each returning Sabbath. "I well remember," says one who was a member of the congregation, "seeing Alexander Paterson seated before the pulpit, and how intense was the earnestness of his expression, whilst the truths of the gospel were so strikingly and faithfully delivered." "When the service was over," remarks the biographer of Chalmers, "his friend, Robert Edie, generally convoyed him part of the way home. About one hundred yards from the road along which they travelled, in the thickly-screened seclusion of a close plantation, and

under the shade of a branching fir-tree, the two friends found a quiet retreat, where, each returning Sabbath evening, the eye that seeth in secret looked down upon these two youthful disciples of the Saviour on their knees; and for an hour their ardent prayers alternately ascended to the throne of grace. The practice was continued for years, till a private footpath of their own had been opened to the trysting-tree."*

* Chalmers' Memoirs, vol. i. p 429.

# CHAPTER II.

The Lighted Candle—George Herbert—The "Bothy"—The Ballad-Singer The Ballads Burned—The Songs of David—Parallel—The Vaudois—Rustic Picture—Scottish Peasantry—The Moonlight Readings—Meetings—The Talisman—"Where were his Orders?"—John Wesley—Sabbath Class—Fruits—The Brotherhood.

THE candle which the Lord had lighted was not to be hidden under a bushel. "Let me not languish," sighs George Herbert, in one of his pietistic reveries,—

"Let me not languish, then, and spend
A life as barren to thy praise
As is the dust, to which that life doth tend.
But with delays.

"All things are busy; only I
Neither bring honey with the bees,
Nor flowers to make that, nor the husbandry
To water these.

"I am no link of thy great chain,
But all my company is as a weed;
Lord, place me in thy concert: give one strain
To my poor reed."

Alexander Paterson was not a man of reveries, "When I detect myself in unprofitable reverie," wrote his spiritual father in his journal, on March 12, 1812, "let me make an instant transition from dreaming to doing." The ploughman was now to be one of the Lord's workmen. And his time for "doing" was come.

The first missionary scene was the "Bothy." In certain districts of Scotland, each farmonstead has attached to it an apartment where the unmarried male servants take their food together and sleep. That apartment is the "Bothy." Its inmates are usually at the zero-point, intellectually and morally. A field less likely to yield "fruit unto eternal life" could not easily be named. This field the new convert was now called to reap.

He was not slow to put in the sickle. "Whilst at Cruvie, living in the 'Bothy,'" is the testimony of one who had access to know accurately the details of this period of his life, "he first began his assaults upon the kingdom

of Satan. He told me that he was not always able to establish morning and evening prayer amongst his fellow-servants; yet he always succeeded in getting the Bible read. One of the men was very fond of ballads, collecting them in great numbers, and spending his evenings in committing them to memory, that he might sing them at the plough. For a time this interrupted the reading of the Bible, and the other profitable exercises on which the heart of Alexander was set. By-and-bye, however, a door was opened for him. Paterson was in the habit of rising in the morning earlier than his fellow-servants, that he might have leisure for reading the Word of God, for meditation, and for prayer, before beginning the labors of the day. One morning, as he was thus engaged, the ballad-singer awoke—asked him why he had not roused him, what he was doing, and if he would not read aloud. With great solemnity and pathos he read a passage from the Word. The arrow entered at 'the joints of the harness.' The man was wounded.

From that time a change was observed in him. He burned all his ballads, of which there was an immense collection; and in their stead he began to commit to memory the Psalms, and to sing them."

The story reminds us of a picture in the rustic life of the Vaudois. "In every direction," says an eye-witness, writing in the eighth century, "where there is a sound of human voices, it is the voice of psalmody. If it be the ploughman guiding his plough, his song is Halleluiah. If it be the shepherd tending his flock, the reaper gathering his corn, or the vine-dresser pruning his tendrils, his chant is the same; it is some song of David that he sings. Here all poetry is sacred poetry, and every feeling of the heart finds utterence in the language of the psalmist." The ballad-singer of the "Bothy" had been touched by the same grace; and his "new heart" uttered its praises in the same holy strains.

Alas for our Scottish peasantry! Few "bothies" now resound with the "grave sweet

melody." Of few ploughmen, we fear, can it now be said, that "their song is Halleluiah." Yet what is needed to repair our desolations, but the multiplication of earnest witnesses like the missionary-ploughman of the "Bothy" of Cruvie?

We next find him in the parish of Dairsie. "The course of life on which he here entered," says our informant, "was peculiarly unfavorable to any active exertions in spreading the truth, and, but for a perseverance peculiarly characteristic, must have made it impossible to engage in any duty at all."

In addition to his ordinary labors as a farm-servant, he had to drive a cart-load of meal once a week to Wemyss. That he might arrive in time with his load, he left home about midnight. These night-journeys, though on an open cart, he greatly prized; for in the bright moonlight he was able, by the help of an uncommonly fine sight, to study the Word of God. The retailer to whom he carried the meal, confined to his bed from the effects of a

fall, and consequently prevented from attending religious ordinances, longed for the morning when he was to arrive; for he came to him as an angel of God,—they never parted without having "tasted and seen" that the Lord was with them.

It was the evening before he again reached home. Instead of refreshing himself with sleep, he set out to hold prayer-meetings at a distance of several miles. These meetings assembled in different villages, there being one or more on each evening of the week. A blighting "moderatism" afflicted nearly the whole district all the way to St. Andrews; and the ploughman's meetings were like so many guiding lights, illumining the dark night. The people flocked to them in great numbers. The Lord signally owned them. Fruits of them, we are informed, still survive.

The exercises at these meetings were very simple,—praying, reading the Word, and an earnest appeal to the conscience. Cecil tells of a man whom he once heard preach; he had

no learning, no imagination, no variety; he had just one topic,—that topic was CHRIST. But the man was in earnest; he had the unction from above: and so his one topic was a talisman. Cecil was touched by that sermon in a way he never forgot. It was thus with the Fifeshire ploughman. Finding in the Bible the one topic, salvation for the lost, a free full Christ for the chief of sinners, he urged upon the people his unpretending but telling message. Like Philip at Samaria, he preached CHRIST; and not a few believed.

"But where were his orders?" some stickler for church-authority will say.

One day John Wesley, at the outset of his evangelistic course, heard of a man who, after he had been converted under his ministry, was taking it upon him to gather together crowds of people, and to tell them what he had "seen and heard." The future founder of Methodism, still enwrapt in the buckram of his ecclesiastical forms, hastened down from London in an angry mood, determined to arrest in its

beginnings so glaring an offence against order. "John," said his sagacious mother, as she saw, with the clearness of a Christian intuition, the blunder and the sin into which her son was hastening, in silencing a man whose mouth the Lord had opened,—"John, this lay-preacher is as truly called of God to preach as you are." Wesley, at his mother's desire, went and heard him. The gifts and graces of the man he discerned to be such as could come only from above. What was he that he should withstand God? Wesley acquiesced. Thomas Maxwell was not silenced, but encouraged.

We are not enemies of Church-order. "Christianity," writes one of the greatest thinkers of this age,* "is, indeed, conserved by Church-order; but surely it does not exist for the sake of it. This, however, has shown itself to be the feeling of heartless and mindless men in every age. 'Order first,' say they, 'and Christianity next.'" But what says the Bible? "Christianity first, order next." Yes,

* Isaac Taylor; *Wesley and Methodism.*

perish that order which would hinder any man —be he the shoemaker of Kettering, or be he the ploughman of Kilmany—from proclaiming to all men, wheresoever he meets them, the gospel of the grace of God!

Even the Sabbath was not to Alexander Paterson a day of rest. Besides a morning class for children, he had in the evening at the village of Dairsie, a class for young men and women, attended, during a period of nine years, by not fewer than sixty. In that class many were made savingly alive. Often, in after-years, when far away from Dairsie, he would be accosted by persons whom he did not recognise, till the introduction was given—"I was at your Sabbath-class at Dairsie-moor." The strangers not unfrequently proved to be his spiritual children.

As we are writing these lines, an example has reached us. "Do you remember," said our informant a few days ago to an old man in Cupar, "Alexander Paterson's adult class at Dairsie-moor?" "I do," he replied, overcome

with emotion, and bursting into tears; "I have cause to remember that class. I was in great distress about my soul. I used to wait after it was over, and go with him in his visits to the sick, and then he would walk with me all the way into Cupar, trying to bring light into my mind. Often on these occasions we would walk and re-walk the road, till it was time to begin our morning-work." One of the sick whom he always saw on these visits, had been a member of the class, but was now lying ill of consumption. "I never," said he, "was more struck by anything than by Mr. Paterson's conversation with that dying youth. He addressed Mr. Paterson always as his father. The joy that filled his mind was quite indescribable, increasing more and more till he died triumphing in the Lord."

With Robert Edie each succeeding year drew closer the bonds of Christian affection. The one aim of the two brothers, in all their communings, was their mutual growth in grace. "May we study," we find the ploughman

writing to his friend on April 3, 1816, "to have Christ's words dwelling in our hearts, that we may speak to ourselves in psalms, and hymns, and spiritual songs. Earnest may we be for that grace of God, which can teach us to deny everything that is not consistent with the Word of God. O may we examine ourselves, that we may know whether there be in us anything of the lust of the eye, or of the flesh, or the pride of life: this, we are assured, is not of God, but is of the world. May we let the world see that we really despise all these things, and that we love the Lord with all our hearts."

And on 5th December, 1816, he writes:—"I hope we have been often at a throne of grace since I saw you a week ago. May we never forget to go there; for there it is we find our hearts drawn forth towards the Lord Jesus. O Robert! I feel my heart just at this very moment beginning to burn with love to him who loved me, and gave Himself for me, an offering and a sacrifice to satisfy divine justice."

"Your brother," he continues, "whom you loved as your own soul, has taken his flight into a world of spirits, where he is singing the song of Moses, and of the Lamb. O what a work has he left us to do! Methinks I hear him saying to each of us, 'Be not ashamed to proclaim Jesus your Master to your brothers and sisters, fathers and mothers, and sinners of all kinds. Be in earnest with them; and especially you, my brother, who witnessed the pleasure I had in thinking upon my Saviour who died for me that I might live with Him in glory.' O then, we who are left behind for a little time, may we be waiting for the coming of our Lord!"

## CHAPTER III.

Dr. Chalmers' Removal to Glasgow—The Kilmany Correspondence—The "Obscure Peasant"—The Fellowship-Meeting—The "Bethel"—The "Salt-Pans."

In 1815, the minister of Kilmany had removed to Glasgow, and had commenced that brilliant career which made the highest in the land feel honored by being numbered among his correspondents and friends. How did the removal affect his relation to the humble ploughman?

William Cowper, in one of his odes, delineates, with a cutting pleasantry, the style of two many friendships:—

"Some fickle creatures boast a soul
True as a needle to the pole,
Their humor is so various;
They manifest their whole life through,
The needle's deviations too,
Their love is so precarious."

And one element of estrangement and of distance he singles out:—

"The great and small but rarely meet
On terms of amity complete:
Plebeians must surrender,
And yield palm to noble folk—
It is combining fire with smoke,
Obscurity with splendor."

Not such a friend was Thomas Chalmers. He was too *real* a man—too real in his genial sympathies—too real in his Christian heart, to forget Alexander Paterson. "A regular correspondence, says our informant, "was kept up betwixt them. And whenever Dr. Chalmers visited that neighborhood, the first place he went to, as soon as he had arrived at Dairsie Manse, was the adjoining farm, where he found Saunders (as he used to call him) either at the plough or at some such farm-work."*

* Often, on these occasions, he brought Saunders up with him to the Manse. At family-worship he used to insist on his leading the devotions, being greatly affected with his "unction in prayer."

A characteristic incident occurred one evening. Saunders had been invited to remain to supper; when he had left, Dr.

In laying before the reader some specimens of the correspondence,* we associate with it the other Kilmany friend, not less cherished by the illustrious and genial man, to whom both continued through life to look up with the respectful affection of sons.

The first letter is from Dr. Chalmers to Mr. Edie:—

"*Glasgow*, *July* 21, 1815.

"My Dear Sir,—I have to request of you as Secretary of the Bible Association at Kilmany, that you will communicate to the general meeting to be held on the 23d of this

Chalmers remarked to his hostess, in his own peculiar way,—"See, madam, how Christianity teaches a man to handle his knife and fork." Often, in after-years, he used to observe, that he had never seen so striking an instance as his friend Saunders, of the power of divine grace "to turn a ploughman into a gentleman."

Grace elevates the whole man; one of its effects is to clothe the manners with those delicate sensibilities which constitute real politeness.

* The letters of Dr. Chalmers are given from the originals. Those of Alexander Paterson are also printed from the originals, bound up in Dr. Chalmers' Books of Letters, and forwarded to the author by Dr. Hanna.

month, my regret at not having had it in my power to bid a personal adieu to all its members. It is true that I could have consented to such a day for the meeting as might have made my attendance a possible thing. I could have been in my place on that day,—I could have taken my seat amongst them, and been a hearer of your minutes and your deliberations; but I could not, without an exertion by far too violent for the exhausted state of my feelings, have been a sharer in these deliberations. I could not, without an expense of feeling which would have been by far too much for me, have said all that I thought on the interesting object which called you together; and it was both to spare myself and others whose attachment I know and I rejoice in, that I resolved not to attempt another painful exercise of tenderness by the solemnity of another parting address to you.

"And surely I need not again state my firm adherence to the object of your Association. I trust I shall be able to carry entire into a

larger and a wider field those principles which influenced me to the part I took among you in forming and in carrying on the business of your society. And I beg to assure you, that the signal success which crowned the attempt at Kilmany, shall not be forgotten in any future exertions I may be called to make for the same object at Glasgow; and if God is pleased to spare me and to assign me a place among the Christian laborers of this city, for the propagation of the gospel of His Son, I shall ever recollect with gratitude that the ready and cheerful and extensive concurrence of my old and much-loved parishioners in this cause, forms one of the most encouraging arguments for persevering in a line of exertion so honorable as that of helping forward the knowledge of the Saviour, and the circulation of the message which He left behind Him.

"It is true that a single country-association is not so productive as the institution of a great town; but its value as an example is much greater: for, were similar societies

formed in all the parishes, and each of them to be only half as productive as Kilmany has been, it would go to form a much larger revenue for the spread of the gospel than has ever yet been made up from all the contributions of rich and poor throughout the empire.

"He who watereth plentifully shall be watered himself; and it is my prayer that all you have done and are still doing in this way, may be made by Him who loveth a cheerful giver, to return plentifully into your own bosom. While you share in the work of circulating the Bible, let your own hearts be alive to the power and the preciousness of the truths which are contained in it. Learn them for yourselves, and teach them to the children who come after you. Pray for that Spirit who alone giveth efficacy to the instrument of the work; and let the blessing which you help to spread among all countries, be powerfully realized in the heart of your own families.

"I am sure of your regard for me. I beg you to be equally sure of mine for you. No

distance, I trust, shall ever divide our affections. While I crave the support of your intercession, I also assure you of my purpose to bear you often on my remembrance and my heart before the throne of God. May He comfort you by His Spirit; may He bless you by more light and peace and joy than you have ever yet had. May He stablish you upon His Son, and make such a work of grace go on in the hearts of each and all of you, that when Death brings us to one judgment, we may be found meet for one joyful and unfading inheritance.—I am your most affectionate and devoted friend,

"THOMAS CHALMERS.

"I arrived here in good health yesterday. I have to crave your acceptance of two guineas for the Kilmany Bible Society."

The next letter is likewise from Dr. Chalmers to Mr. Edie:—

"*Glasgow, August* 10, 1815.

MY DEAR SIR,—I have at length fixed on a

house, No. 56 Charlotte street, and I want the following articles to be sent me immediately . .

"I heard of your brother's death* by a letter received yesterday from Mrs. Chalmers, and was much affected by her statement of some of the particulars. May this afflicting dispensation leave its right and salutary impression behind it. May it be sanctified to his friends; may it impart a seriousness to all the members of your family; and O that the affecting testimony of a young man taking his departure from this world, and giving his solemn witness to the supreme importance of another, led us all to look upon ourselves as strangers and pilgrims upon earth, and to live by the powers of a coming eternity.

* "You recollect," wrote Robert Edie some time afterwards to Alexander Paterson, "my brother David's lengthened illness, and the great kindness Dr. Chalmers showed him on his death-bed, often conversing and praying with him. One day, after visiting him, I walked out with Dr. C.; still talking of my brother's spiritual state, he made a sudden halt, and holding up his staff in his hand, said with warmth, 'How consoling the thought, that your brother will be a monument of divine grace to all eternity?'"

"I have not heard from Kilmany since I came here. I wrote Mr. Balfour, and I hope he would receive my letter. Perhaps he thinks it necessary to have my direction, but the bare address to me at Glasgow will reach me. I cannot yet bring myself to think of my old neighborhood without pain; and the whole parting scene passes before me in the form of a very gloomy and oppressive recollection. I see that it will require great arrangement to secure me the right command of time for my studies. I am striving to keep my day from being broken in upon till twelve; and then callers, and poor, and people of all descriptions come in upon me at the rate say of twenty per day. I then go out to meetings and visits in the town, and endeavor always to have one hour's walk in the country before dinner. I am sadly teased with invitations; but this, too, I am striving to reduce to some kind of moderation; and I hope that in the process of time I shall be able to accommodate

myself pleasantly and securely to the state of my actual circumstances.

"I mean to leave Glasgow on Monday the 20th of August, and spend a fortnight between Kirkaldy and Burntisland at sea-bathing. I would willingly come to Kilmany, but I know what the effect would be—just another gloomy scene of regret and melancholy at leaving it. This, I trust, will not operate as an objection to the more deliberate visit which I propose to pay next summer; but at present the wound is too fresh and too recent to admit of being so soon tampered with.

"It gave me great pleasure to meet Alexander Paterson after I left you, who cheered me with encouraging information respecting some of his acquaintances in the parish. O that it might turn out to be a genuine work of the Spirit of God upon their consciences. I have earnestly to entreat of you that you hold fast all right and serious impressions, and be assured that there would not have been so much said in the Bible about backsliding—and tak-

ing heed lest we fall—and strengthening the things which remain,—had there not been a strong tendency to relapse on our part; and it is right that we should be aware of this—and that our vigilance should be directed to the point of danger and alarm—and that we should make in faith a daily and an hourly commitment of ourselves to those promises which are in Christ Jesus, of not being tempted beyond what we are able, and of being strengthened by Him to do all things.

"I beg of you to offer the expression of my sincere regard to all the members of your family. I sympathize with Mrs. Edie, whose affection for poor David, whom she had so long and so anxiously tended, must have received a deep wound from his affecting departure. Tell me if Miss Edie is better of her cold; and I should like also to know about Miss Mills, whom I had visited twice or thrice before leaving this country. Give my kindest remembrance to Thomas Kay, Robert Dewar, and Alexander Paterson, senior. Remember

me to Mr. and Mrs. Aitkin. When I name those acquaintances, I think of their houses, and a lively image of my old people and neighborhood enters into my mind, and throws me into a flood of tenderness. Let me not forget Mrs. Bonthron. Is the beadle got better? I beg that Mr. Edie may inform me, through your letter, of Mary Farmer and John Dandie, as to their circumstances. Tell William Henderson that though we could not speak when we last saw each other, I had a very deep impression both of his regard for me and his wife's. Speak of me to Ephy Nicholson; and though I do not name all the villagers, I love them all, and often think of them all. Give my kind compliments to Mr. and Mrs. Robertson. I consider a letter to you as equivalent to a letter to your father, and I hope he will consider it as such; and it will give me great pleasure to have *immediately* a letter either from him or you in return. But let it be long and closely written, and rest assured it cannot be too particular. Every one

piece of information respecting any one, either of the parish or village, will interest me greatly. Crowd all the intelligence you can think of into the letter, for I have a great appetite to know and hear respecting you all. Could I learn of any one rejoicing in the truth, and walking in the truth, it would be an exquisite gratification. I beg you will write your letter more closely than I have done, and do it on a long sheet if you have it. With prayers for you and all your relations, believe me to be, my dear Sir, yours with most sincere regard,

"THOMAS CHALMERS."

"I count it a great happiness and a high honor," we find Robert Edie writing to Dr. Chalmers on 19th August (1815), "to be ranked among the humblest of your correspondents. The learned and the celebrated Mr. Chalmers corresponds with an obscure peasant! but though far-famed, and justly too, I know you are destitute of pride; and with

confidence I write to you as my instructor, and my friend in Christ Jesus."

"I have seen Alexander Paterson frequently," he proceeds in another part of the same letter, "who assures me the fellowship-meeting, of which he is a member, is doing well, and that he has the prospect of soon adding one to his present number. I know not the person's name; but he is a married man and young. Sandy and he have held several colloquies—he seems to be a lively and warm Christian, and approves much of the measure. Is not this encouraging?"

"I have no immediate prospect," he adds, "of getting a similar society formed here. But we must not be discouraged; we must apply to our Captain, who may furnish us with powerful persuasives to work upon the lukewarm friends of His cause. I know one or two who I dare say might agree to the thing; but then they are speculative people, and would be more ready to make a parade of their orthodoxy, than calmly and seriously to con-

sult with their fellows about the meaning of any part of Scripture which might be proposed for examination. Could I only meet with a few decided and unassuming Christians like Alexander Paterson, there would not be the smallest difficulty in forming a Society. I trust some such will soon be discovered."

Another characteristic letter from Dr. Chalmers to the same correspondent follows :—

"*Kirkaldy, September* 5, 1815.

"My Dear Sir,—I am here at sea-bathing. I go to Burnt-island on Thursday first, and remain there till Thursday week. I find myself greatly the better of my excursion from Glasgow, and am already looking forward with great interest to that Kilmany excursion, which, if God be pleased to spare me, I propose to make next summer.

"I received your most interesting letter, and wept over it. I trust your family may all be taught of God, and be enabled to spread a savor of good things over the neighborhood

around them. You cannot write too often, too minutely, or at too great length. I feel that I shall ever take a great interest in my old parish—and it is my wish that God would make me more mindful of them all, and more fervent in my daily prayers for them, than I have ever yet been.

"The chests arrived in safety, and we should like the remaining furniture to be packed off as soon as possible. You remember the direction, 56 Charlotte street. Keep an account of all the expenses. Get George Wilson to superintend the movement. Give the different farmers an equal share in driving it; and lest the harvest should make it inconvenient for them to do it at present, I have no objections that the matter should be delayed for a fortnight.

"I have a short Address to Kilmany in the press. I was obliged to confine myself very much to one topic. I hope I may have been well directed in my choice of it; and it will give me pleasure to hear from you afterwards,

that it is read with acceptance and impression by my much-loved people. It is likely, though I am not sure, that a parcel may be sent for sale to Robert Dewar. You need not mention this to him yet; but if you inquire at the Cupar carrier in a fortnight or so, for a parcel directed to Robert, and find one, you may conclude that it is the one I am speaking of. He will pay the carriage; and as I have no interest in him selling them without a profit, he must take the full booksellers' profit, and sell them at the price he is directed to do. His copies will be cheaper than those for general sale—and, therefore, he must supply the parish in the first instance.

"I mean, if I can get hold of Witherspoon on Regeneration in Edinburgh, to send you a copy. It is a truly important treatise, and I think will be much liked both by you and Alexander Paterson. I hope you are both holding fast your confidence. What a privilege when we are enabled by faith to say of God, each of us for himself, that he is *my* God!

Now, all have a warrant for this. God does not refuse us, but how many of us refuse him. He is pleased with the faith of a creature saying of him, that he is *my* God. With such a faith as this how delightful is existence—how light are all its cares—how calm and clear that soul which can so rest upon God. Do, my dear sir, dwell much upon the promises, and shut not your eye upon the precepts. They go hand in hand. By the one you are enabled to fulfil the other, and with the joys of the Christian faith to combine the diligence of the Christian practice.

"My brother Sandy is coming on in practice. He desires his compliments to you. Remember me over again to all whom I named in my former letter, and particularly your father, mother, and family. If I did not name old John Lumsden, I do it now with affection. When you see Mr. Lees, remember me to him. I beg you to give my kind remembrance to Mr. and Mrs. Gilchrist, and my assurances of regard for them and their young family. My

wife speaks affectionately of you and all your family. Jane is in great health and spirits. I am obliged to conclude from want of time; but do you write me soon, and fill up every corner of your letter to me.—Yours most affectionately, "THOMAS CHALMERS.

"Tell Mr. Balfour that I shall write him soon."

The "Address to Kilmany" was issued. In a letter to Mr. Edie, dated two months later, he thus writes:—

"*Glasgow, November* 25, 1815.

"MY DEAR SIR,—I received your most welcome epistle some days ago. It gives me at all times great pleasure to hear from you, and the more minute and circumstantial your details are, so much the more agreeable to me, who am indeed much interested in everything that concern my much-loved and much-regretted parish. I am glad to observe from you, that the printed Address was not unacceptable to many. It has excited a good deal

of speculation both in Glasgow and Edinburgh, and I confess I should have been better pleased had I heard of its practical impression on the consciences and lives of some readers, than of all these approvals and objections which imply nothing more than an anxiety to give the truths I have brought forward a right adjustment in their speculative system. It would comfort me much to know that it told practically on a willing and obedient people in your neighborhood. If it has no other effect than to set them a-doing, and be satisfied with themselves, it does mischief; and sorry should I be, if in my attempt to divide the word of truth, I have failed in giving the faith, the humility, the godliness of the New Testament, that high supremacy which belongs to them. O, my dear sir, never forget, that, while called upon to be strong, it is to be strong in the grace that is in the Lord Jesus. Have your eye ever directed to Him as the clear fountain out of whose supplies you obtain strength for doing everything aright. Go to God on the

firm ground of His righteousness, as your alone plea for acceptance before Him; and remember that it is only through the channel of His mediatorship that you get the washing of regeneration, and that renewing of the Holy Ghost, which lie at the bottom of all right and spiritual obedience.

"I was in Edinburgh a fortnight ago, giving a little assistance at their sacraments. From the top of the Carlton Hill I saw Normanlaw, an object visible from the west window of my manse. Dr. Jones was with me, but this did not hinder me from gazing on the pinnacle with a most eager direction of my heart, to that dear vale which stretches eastward from its base. O with what vivid remembrance can I wander in thought over all its farms, and all its families, and dwell on the kind and simple affection of its people, till the contemplation becomes too bitter for my endurance—and contrast the days which now are, with the days which once were, when I sat embosomed in tranquillity and friendship,

and could divide my whole time between the pursuits of sacred literature, and the work of dealing out simple and spiritual teaching among my affectionate parishioners. This system is now, I grieve to say it, greatly broken up, and one must either signalize himself by resisting every established practice, or spend a heartless, hard-driving, distracting, and wearing-out life among the bustle of unministerial work, and no less unministerial company. I do not know what it will come to, but I can easily perceive that I shall not be right till I get myself emancipated from the multiplied drudgery of these ever-recurring avocations. And should I obtain this emancipation, then I grant you that Glasgow is a highly interesting field: that much kindness and much principle are to be found in it; that the good which is to be done, and the good which might be done, are incalculable. And that I have already met with individuals in whom I can enjoy all that undisguised sincerity of friendship, and all that sympathy

of Christian feeling, which so often cheered and refreshed me when I lived in your village, and could obtain, at a call, the benefit and the pleasure of your evening conversations.

"When you see Alexander Paterson, charge him in my name to hold fast his profession. I trust you will encourage and support each other, and much good may your example, your exertions, and your prayers, do to the neighborhood around you. You cannot minister a richer comfort to my heart, than to tell me of individuals giving evidence of a saving change. I heard Alexander Paterson speak well of the coach-driver in Montquhanny. I trust that there are no backslidings among you; and it is my fervent and daily prayer, that God would rain down righteousness upon your much-loved land. I throw myself upon your intercessions; I beg that you will think of me, and pray for me, that God would give me wisdom amid all the darknesses, and uncertainties, and difficulties which surround me. What I stand greatly in want of is the meek-

ness of wisdom, the Christian grace of being gentle with all men—patient with the many undoubted corruptions which exist in this place, while still mildly persevering, and calmly determined to make head against them.

"All our friends here are well, with the exception of a pretty general cold that is now lingering about several of the family. The weather is intensely cold, but as there is no wind, and the smoke of the public works gets condensed by the frost, it falls in thick clouds upon the city, and there is a darkness visible sitting on all the streets, and covering every house with a dark envelop of minute dusty particles. The population at large go about as briskly in it as ever, and seem to be breathing a congenial atmosphere.

"Give my very best and most cordial remembrance to your father, mother, Miss Edie, Miss Euphemia, and Miss Hay, and every one of your brothers without exception. I shall not name all my dear friends and fellow-Christians whom I want you to salute in my name,

but I beg you will just go over all whom I have named in my former letters. And with every assurance of regard to yourself, believe me to be, my very dear Sir, yours with sincere affection, THOMAS CHALMERS."

"Mrs. Chalmers received Miss Edie's letter, and is much obliged to her for it. Will you give my best compliments to Mr. Cook, and tell him that I mean to write him in a few days. Do write me soon, and remember that I admit of no blank space in letters; I would rather that you crossed them. What though you should begin now, and eke out a few sentences every day, till you completed your budget. I love dearly to hear from you, and it is a cordial to me, in a place, too, where I stand in need of cordials.—T. C."

Assured of his tenderest sympathy, the ploughman had been unbosoming to Dr. Chalmers his various spiritual conflicts and joys. The letter elicited the following reply:—

"*Glasgow, January* 15, 1816.

"DEAR SAUNDERS,—I was greatly delighted with your very kind letter, and I fondly hope that though the first, it will not be the last, and will at all times feel much obliged to you by writing me how your health prospereth, and how your soul prospereth, and how in the exercise of looking to the things of others, as well as to your own things, you find the good work of faith and of repentance going on in the neighborhood around you. Never cease the good work of being a fellow-worker with Christ in that which His heart is set upon—even the gathering of a people unto Himself out of a sinful and ruined world. This is what you owe to Him who has done so much for you. In the prosecution of this business mix discretion with zeal; and remember that he who offers so much encouragement to the work of turning a sinner from his way, says also, Lay hand on no man suddenly.

"Since my coming to Glasgow, I had exerted myself too much in preaching, and the

effect was such a degree of unwellness, as obliged me to live for a few weeks in the country. I have come back perfectly restored, and made my first great attempt in the way of being more moderate in my exertions yesterday. I completely succeeded, was very slightly fatigued in the evening; and this day, which is Monday, I find myself quite fresh and well. Should I be enabled to keep moderate in all time coming, I have great reason to be thankful that I have a pretty fair prospect of having my strength fully equal to the fatigues of my situation. This is a very interesting field to a minister—a mass of profligacy and wickedness in its most revolting form—relieved by occasional bright and refreshing examples of all that is pure, and lovely, and honorable, and of good report. There is much to pain me, and much to attach and encourage me in my new situation. But I cannot forget the much-loved parish I have left, and it is still my firm intention to spend in summer a few weeks among you.

"It grieves me to hear both from Miss Collier and from Mr. Cook, the very heavy affliction with which you have been visited. Is it the brother whom I knew that you have lost? It is my prayer that this melancholy event may be sanctified to all your friends—that your father and mother may receive largely of that consolation which cometh from God only—and that the warning, felt in all its force by many of the neighbors, may carry their hearts and their choice to the one thing needful.

"I repeat it, that I shall be at all times most happy to hear from you. I beg you to be watchful and diligent, and in every exertion of strength to look unto Him who gave you that strength, and who alone can increase and perpetuate it. I rejoice in your good accounts of Reekie and his wife. Give them a word of remembrance from me. Tell Mr. Robert Edie that I shall ever hold him in the most affectionate remembrance. I hope he will keep steadfast with God. Give my best re-

gards to Miss Collier and Mrs. Coutts when you see them. My prayers are for you, and for all your friends and fellow-Christians. I am glad to observe that you are making such a good use of Baxter. I believe he, who though dead yet speaketh, has been the instrument of turning many thousands from sin unto righteousness.—I am, dear Saunders, yours with great regard,

"THOMAS CHALMERS."

A month later, Dr. Chalmers again writes to Mr. Edie :—

"*Glasgow*, *February* 13, 1816.

"MY DEAREST SIR,—It is now long since I heard from the parish of Kilmany, and I am desirous of having some intelligence respecting you all. Be assured that it is not possible to be too minute in your communications, and I am quite certain that in three months there must have changes occurred to interest me. May I request, therefore, that you set yourself down to a long letter immediately on the re-

ceipt of this, and send me a well-filled budget of news from my dear and much-loved Kilmany—every path, and cottage, and family of which I bear in the liveliest characters upon my remembrance, and in all the individuals of which I shall ever take a deep and a heart-felt concern.

"I was complaining a little some weeks ago, but I am quite myself again. Let me just be as moderate as I might be in the pulpit, and I need to incur as little fatigue in preaching here as at Kilmany.

"I have commenced a very stupendous work lately, the visitation of my parish. As far as my estimate goes, I think its population must consist of upwards of 12,000. It is quite impossible to subdivide the matter as I did at Kilmany, and the way in which I am carrying it into effect, is by going into every house and asking a very few questions relative to their numbers and the Church which they attend, and after I have gone over one district belonging to an elder, I assemble all the people of

that district, to the amount of 1000 and upwards, and preach a sermon to them. There is a very great proportion of them who have no seats in any place of public worship whatever, and a very deep and universal ignorance on the high matters of faith and of eternity, obtains over the whole extent of a mighty population. I have been sometimes greatly depressed with the wretched accounts of profligacy which have come to my knowledge, and have much need, my dear sir, of your prayers, that I may be kept humble, and earnest, and singly desirous of my Master's glory in this field where the kingdom of darkness is so triumphant. There are some decided Christians, however, in the place; and it is much for one's comfort, and I believe usefulness too, to keep as much by their society as possible. The tone of the world is deeply and deceivingly infectious, and I would strongly advise you to multiply your Christian associations to as great an extent as circumstances will permit. It must be a great comfort to you to have the occasional

converse of Alexander Paterson, who, I presume, is still at little Dron. Give him my friendliest compliments, and be assured that I shall ever retain a very warm remembrance both of you and of him. May you often hold sweet counsel together, and may much solid fruit come out of it. May you be instruments for good in your respective circles, and God grant that a numerous seed to serve Him may arise among the families of your neighborhood.

"I have heard much of the depressed state of the agricultural interest. The mercantile interest, which I count to be altogether dependent on the former, is beginning to suffer severely in this town. This day there have eight principal houses stopped payment, and from the intimate state of connection between the different traders, a very great alarm and anxiety prevail amongst us. This is a suitable field for the lesson, 'Why carest thou for the things of to-morrow?' I have not forgotten your statement of your own mind respecting a worldly provision, and I trust you will never

suffer the weight of anxiety, on this point, to choke the good seed of the Word of God. It is a weight which should be thrown aside, along with the others that we are commanded to put away. The cares of the world are mentioned along with the deceitfulness of riches, and the lusts of other things, in the parable of the sower, and it would give me pleasure, should the lesson of confidence in God—the full warrant He has given us to pray believingly for daily bread—the injunction if we have food and raiment to be therewith content—it would give me great pleasure if these told on the peace, and gave evidence to the faith of my old parish, under its languishing state as to worldly matters; and while their outer condition decayeth, I trust that their inner condition will be receiving daily improvements, that they will be rich towards God—rich in faith—rich in the well-grounded hope of an enduring substance—rejoicing under manifold tribulations, and evincing an exultation of principle which carries its possessor to a

height of serene superiority above all the accidents, and all the crosses, and all the gloomy prospects of a time which has brought much poverty, and much disappointment along with it.

"Give my best compliments to Mr. and Mrs. Edie, Miss Edie, and all the rest of your family. Will you remember me to Mr. Lees when you see him? I could name the whole village had I room for it.—I am, my dear Sir, yours with much regard, THOMAS CHALMERS."

One other letter from Dr. Chalmers we must give,—

"*Glasgow, April* 3, 1819.

"MY DEAR SIR,—Yours of March 29, I received yesterday, but not by the hand of your brother, whom I should have been most happy to see and to converse with, previous to his first entrance upon the world. Neither have I seen John; and little do they know how happy I am to come into contact with any memorial from the parish of Kilmany. Your

letter came to me by post with the Greenock mark upon it, from which I infer that Arthur had gone direct to Greenock without seeing me, having perhaps no time to call. I have the very kindest recollection of him, poor fellow, from having been my conductor to Cupar at my last visit to your house.

"I am much pleased to understand both of your lease and your father's. I am glad of anything that keeps my old neighborhood, in respect of its families and people, as near as possible to what it was; so that when I revisit it, I shall not feel strange and desolate in the midst of my favorite recollections.

"But let us never forget that whether removal comes or not, death will. Let us be applying in good earnest to the work of preparation. We are in danger of having only a name to live—of lulling ourselves asleep by the mere cadence of orthodoxy—of calling Christ Lord, while we follow him not as such—of being sunk in carnality and spiritual sloth, and that too while we recognise all

the truths, and are present at all the ordinances.

"Heaven is no heaven at all but to the holy. The unholy could not enjoy it. It derives all its blessedness from the gratification of spiritual affections; and how can we be preparing for it if our affections remain earthly, sensual, grovelling?

"Let us stir one another up to watchfulness and prayer, and all the exercises of a life of faith.

"Give my kindest compliments to Mr. and Mrs. Edie. Did Miss Edie get a small pamphlet that I intended for her? I trust that poor Alexander will get through his illness. What an opportunity it gives you of close and affectionate dealing with him! My kindest compliments to Alexander Paterson, and all others for whose names I have no room; but whose resemblances are at this moment warmly, and deeply, and vividly impressed upon my most affectionate remembrance.—Yours very truly,

"THOMAS CHALMERS."

"Oh how delightful it is," we find Alexander Paterson writing to Dr. Chalmers on 19th January, 1821, "to be justified by faith! then we have peace with God through our Lord Jesus Christ. Yes, I feel great peace and joy in believing on Him who has plucked me as a brand from the devil, when at that time I was his willing servant, a total stranger to the covenant of promise, having no hope, and without God in the world. How blessed to feel the Spirit of God witnessing with our spirits that we are the children of God! I can feel in some measure that I am dead with Christ. I am crucified with Christ; nevertheless I live, yet not I, but Christ liveth in me. My spiritual life is hid with Christ in God. I know that when He shall appear, I shall appear with him in glory. Oh the love of Christ! It passeth knowledge and all understanding."

These were no mere meaningless words. They were the outpouring of his inmost soul. "My dear sir," he adds, "these are my feel-

ings, and what I experience. I would not sound them in the ears of a world lying in wickedness, although I am not ashamed of the gospel of Christ; but I feel no restraint in unbosoming my feelings to you."

In the sequel of the letter he gives—what he knew his correspondent chiefly would delight in—some "spiritual news." "Our Sabbath-evening class," he writes, "is still going on; and I am very happy to inform you that I have got one commenced in Kilmany within these few weeks. The number amounts to twenty."

From that class he already had gathered fruit. "When I met with her," he goes on to say, alluding to a member of the class, "she seemed to be like the great bulk of the world, away from God;—but one Sabbath, when I was at Kilmany, she invited me to call upon her; this I did,—a conversation was started,—I spoke to her about our dreadful state by nature—that we are the children of wrath—that the wrath of God lieth upon us—and that it

burns to the lowest hell. The tears flowed down her cheeks; she cried, 'What must I do to be saved?' I pointed her to the Lamb of God; and she has fled to Him and found peace."

In another letter to Dr. Chalmers, dated a few months later, he writes:—"I must confess that I do feel lurking in my heart much unbelief, which makes me to feel a darkness and a deadness to come across my soul; but this is only at times. And how delightful, after such an eclipse, when the sun of righteousness arises and dispels the mist which covers the soul! Then none but Christ can satisfy the immense desires of my heart. I feel at times such refreshing consolations in God as manifested in Christ Jesus my Lord, that I long for a full draught of the river of pleasures which are in His presence. O the sweet relishes of the soul, when spirituality reigns in it! There is a purer sweetness in mortifying the flesh and subduing its lusts—in dying to the world and living to God—in loving, and praying, and

meditating—in trusting in the Lord with all my heart, and walking humbly with my God, than in all the pleasures of sin or the perishing pleasures of sense. O to partake of divine delights as they flow immediately from God!"

The next letter to Dr. Chalmers gives an interesting glimpse into the home of Robert Edie. The reader may not be unwilling to have it before him in its full proportions, as a specimen of the ploughman's letter-writing:—

"*Dron, May* 9, 1823.

"DEAR AND REV. SIR,—I do with pleasure take up my pen to write you a few lines, to inform you that I am in good health, and I trust I may say that I feel that the health of my soul is on the increase. I do feel great peace in believing in the Lord Jesus Christ. Truly I may say, that wisdom's ways are ways of pleasantness, and all her paths are peace.

"Dear sir, I am happy to inform you that I had the pleasure of paying a visit to my dear

friend, Robert Edie, last Lord's day—the happiest day that ever I spent in my life. I hope I will never forget it. I felt my soul greatly enlivened, and it has been ever since. O sir, he is truly a man of God. Yon is surely the little leaven that is leavening the whole lump.

"I was greatly delighted with his school; he has forty-two scholars, and they seem to improve very much in knowledge, and to be much in earnest about the thing. After he is over with this exercise, he calls his household together, and causes them to read the Word of God. And not only all this, but he has a prayer-meeting every fortnight, and he meets with them and prays with them. There are about nine of them.

"Oh, it is a Bethel where God indeed delighteth to dwell. He is a growing Christian in the divine life. And how delightful to behold him clothed with humility from the crown of the head to the sole of the foot! O sir, you have great cause to rejoice that you proclaimed the gospel in Kilmany; for I assure you that

it has been the power of God to his salvation. He is one that will be a seal that you did not labor in vain. Oh what a praise will that be to you when God shall make up His jewels!

"I trust that many will be enabled to believe on Jesus through his word. I must confess that I am very far behind him. I am almost ashamed of myself that I am making so little progress in the divine life. Oh that the Spirit would stir me up to more diligence, that I may be enabled to go on from one degree of grace unto another. Oh for more faith! Oh that the love of God may be shed abroad more and more in my heart, that it may constrain me to live, not to myself, but to Him who died for me!

"Dear sir, the manse people have all been very unwell, but they are better; only Miss Collier, she is just now very unwell. She is truly a heaven-born soul. My prayer for you and your family is, that you all may be interested in the Lord Jesus Christ. May the gospel which you preach prove the power of God

unto their salvation; that you who sow, and they who reap, may be made to rejoice together; that you may be enabled to say at last, Here am I and the spiritual children whom thou hast given me!—I remain your humble and obedient servant,

"SANDIE PATERSON."

In the autumn of the year when that letter was written, Dr. Chalmers was removed from the pulpit of St. John's in Glasgow, to the chair of Moral Philosophy in St. Andrews. On his way to St. Andrews, he paid a visit to Dairsie-moor. Saunders and Robert Edie accompanied him to a neighboring village, and, as they went along, were expressing freely their views as to his removal.

"I don't think," said Saunders, "that you should give up preaching for teaching."

"Let me ask you a question, Saunders," rejoined the doctor: "does the man who salts a pig, or the man who makes the salt that will salt many pigs, do the greatest service?"

"The man who makes the salt, to be sure."

"Well, I've all this time been salting the pig, and now I'm going to make the salt."

"Then the sooner you're in the salt-pans, sir, the better."

## CHAPTER IV.

THE FAITHFUL SERVANT—"Allowable Purloining"—"Not with Eye-Service"—Illness—The Cup of Cold Water—Evangelistic Labors—A New Field—The Conference—The Reluctant Assent—Graduate in School of Christ—The "Stricken Deer"—"Wholly to Prayer."

"YE servants," said Dr. Chalmers, in his closing address to the people of Kilmany, vindicating the gospel as the only sure basis of a sound morality, "ye servants whose scrupulous fidelity has now attracted the notice, and drawn forth in my hearing a delightful testimony from your masters, what mischief you would have done, had your zeal for doctrines and sacraments been accompanied by the slothfulness and the remissness, and what, in the prevailing tone of moral relaxation, is counted the allowable purloining of your earlier days! But a sense of your heavenly Master's eye has brought another influence to

bear upon you. . . . You have taught me that to preach Christ is the only effective way of preaching morality in all its branches." The ploughman of Kilmany was such a servant. "Sure I am," we find him writing to his friend Robert Edie, "that they who are faithful to their heavenly Master, will be faithful to their earthly master. May we look not at our own things, but at the things of others." He served his earthly master, "not with eye-service, as a man-pleaser, but as a servant of Christ, doing the will of God from the heart." He truly "adorned the doctrine." Indeed, during all the time of his occupation as a ploughman, the only fault which could be found with him was, that, in his anxiety to work, he so overtasked his strength that his constitution was broken down.

After nine years spent in Dairsie, he had removed to a farm four miles distant from Newburgh, having previously married one, who, in all the trials and labors of subsequent years, proved a true help-meet to him.

Never had he encountered such difficulties as now. He labored partly at the plough and partly in filling hot lime. Having been seized with a severe inflammation, he, in his anxiety to resume his work, went out in a state of such bodily weakness, that he was again prostrated under an illness which confined him to his bed for a period of six months.

Though now in a part of the country where he was a total stranger, the Lord raised up for him, in the person of Mrs. Pitcairn of Kinnaird, a friend who cared for him for the Master's sake. Often, in the darkness of a winter evening, might one of the female members of that family be seen crossing the fields, accompanied by a servant bearing a lantern, on her way to the humble cottage, to visit and to aid its afflicted inmates. The cup of cold water was doubly sweet to him; it came so plainly from the Lord's own hand.

His strength began to return, and he was again at the plough and at the kiln. But the fatigue was too great for him. After a day

and a half's work, he was once more laid aside by an inflammation which brought him to the very verge of the grave. Anew raised up, he continued to labor for other two years, but feeling day by day that under the pressure of such work his enfeebled frame must ere long sink.

The Master was fitting him, by these afflictions, to be a still more earnest reaper in His fields.

Even in the midst of his hard labor he had continued, in meetings and in the Sabbath classes, to plead with precious souls. "I am happy to inform you," we find him writing to a friend on 25th May, 1826, "that our Sabbath-school is coming on well, though we have some opposition. Our scholars are improving remarkably in knowledge. A great number of hearers come. They crowd us so much, that I have been obliged to put a stop to them; and numbers of them shed tears at being stopped."

But another field was now opened up. In

1827, Dr. Chalmers had removed to Edinburgh. Among other friends whose Christian sympathies he had enlisted on behalf of the many outcast families crowded into the filthy closes abounding in its "old town," was a lady* who offered to support at her own expense a missionary whom he might select to labor in one of the most destitute districts. Dr. Chalmers at once thought of Alexander Paterson.

But how was he to persuade him to undertake the work? He sent for Robert Edie. After detailing to him the proposed arrangement, he commissioned him to proceed to Dunbog and obtain his friend's consent.

Mr. Edie arrived, one evening, as the ploughman was coming in from the fields, worn out with excessive toil. He broached the proposal. The allowance offered was competence itself, compared with the pittance he was earning at the plough—a pittance too, which each successive year was rendering more precarious

* Lady Grace Douglas, mother of James Douglas of Cavers, Esquire.

by reason of his failing health. Besides, the liberty to devote his whole time to direct missionary labor—what prospect more inviting to an earnest soul like his! But was he fitted for such a work? Was he called of God? That point was not yet settled. And so, no sooner did Robert deliver Dr. Chalmers' message than he gave it a decided negative.

The evening was spent by the two friends in earnest colloquy, mingled with fervent prayer.

"Your heart, you know," said Robert, "has long been set on this sort of work. You have been doing it hitherto at the odds and ends of your time; and now it will be your sole employment."

"True," replied Saunders, "nothing is nearer my heart than work o' this kind; I would gladly spend and be spent in it; but I am not fit to be a missionary—I daurna tak' upon me such a post."

"But the Lord is calling you to it: remember it's His business to send his own servants."

"Yes, man; but I'm a child; I canna speak."

"Very true," was Robert's reply,—and as he spoke, he opened the Bible which lay on the table beside them, at Jer. i. 7,—"but you remember that passage in the Word, 'The Lord said unto me, Say not I am a child; for thou shalt go to all that I shall send thee, and whatsoever I command thee thou shalt speak.'"

Late in the evening, he at length wrung from him a reluctant consent, and went home intending to communicate to Dr. Chalmers next morning the result of the interview.

Scarcely had his friend left the cottage, when the ploughman began to tremble lest his assent had been given too hastily. The responsibilities of his new position bulked so largely in the eye of his tender conscience, that the more he contemplated them, the more formidable did they appear. He spent a sleepless night. Before daybreak next morning, he was mounted on one of the horses of the farm, on

his way to his friend's at the Mount, to revoke last night's decision, and to arrest any farther proceedings. Another lengthened colloquy ensued. Robert was firm; he would accept of no declinature. They reasoned, and they prayed, and they read the Word together, until once more Saunders gave a reluctant assent, and they parted, each persuaded that the thing was of the Lord.

The thing *was* of the Lord. The results which followed leave that beyond a doubt. Dr. Chalmers, when he heard of it, was greatly delighted. Saunders, he felt, was now to be in the position for which both nature and grace had fitted him. True, he had no academical education; but he had graduated, he knew, in the school of Christ. In that school he was now no novice. "I was a stricken deer," he could say—

> "That left the herd
> Long since: with many an arrow deep infix'd
> My panting side was charged, when I withdrew
> To seek a tranquil death in distant shades.
> There was I found by One who had Himself

Been hurt by the archers. In His side He bore,
And in His hands and feet, the cruel scars.
With gentle force soliciting the darts,
He drew them forth, and heal'd, and bade me live."

—And the 'life" had given "light"—light such as the mere learning of academic halls cannot give.

"If His word once teach us—shoot a ray
Thro' all the heart's dark chambers, and reveal
Truths undiscern'd but by that holy light—
Then all is plain. Philosophy, baptized
In the pure fountain of eternal love,
Has eyes indeed."

It was proposed by certain friends that he should prepare for the new work by attending some classes. "No, no," said Dr. Chalmers, "it will never do to put a sclatch o' English upon Sandie Paterson; there's an earnestness about him and a natural eloquence, that will carry him through anywhere; let him take his own way—no fear of Sandie." And he was not disappointed. "There is reason to believe," writes a respected minister of the Free Church of Scotland, whose opportunities of

forming such a judgment were not few,* "that the remarkable blessing which, in very many instances, attended Mr. Paterson's labors, was one of the circumstances which encouraged the Doctor to persevere in his zealous endeavors to reclaim the destitute outcasts of our large towns.

In what spirit he went forward to this new scene, we may gather from one or two of his letters.

"I hope," he writes to Miss Edie, a distant relative of Robert Edie, on 3d November, 1826, "that you are following on to know the Lord. The name of our dear Redeemer, I trust, is as sweet ointment poured forth; therefore you will remember His love more than wine. But, my dear fellow-traveller to the heavenly city, when we think of the love of God towards us sinners, we are lost in wonder; for there was nothing in us or about us which could induce Him to love us—nothing but sin, and our hearts full of enmity against Him.

* The Rev. James Brodie, Monimail, Fifeshire.

Glory to God that ever He thought upon us, and that they were thoughts of love! And, oh how delightful to know that whom He loves, He loves unto the end—that He *rests* in His love towards His people!"

And to the same friend, on 1st July, 1827, —"May we give ourselves wholly to prayer, that the Lord would grant us His Holy Spirit that He may take of the things of Christ and show them unto us. And blessed be our God that this world is not our home, that we are only travelling to our Father's house. We must expect to meet with much opposition and many crosses on our way home; but oh, what a comfort it is, that He is faithful who hath promised!"

# CHAPTER V.

HOME-HEATHENISM—The Arve and the Rhone—The Masses and the Churches—Edinburgh—The Canongate—Its Hovels—Prostitutes broken down under the Word—Crowded Meetings—The Widow—Her Testimony—A Young Woman—"Who has told you about me"?—Her Death-bed Triumph—"The Master-Spring"—Cecil—"A Dead Fish," and "a Living One"—Another Convert—"Cannot live without Prayer"—Many Inquiries—"Tears in their eyes."

THE most appalling fact, perhaps, of this age, is the condition of "the masses" in our large towns. The heathenism on the banks of the Ganges, with its three hundred and thirty millions of idols, is a spectacle to melt a heart of a stone. But our home heathenism! souls perishing annually by thousands, and by tens of thousands, within the sound of our church-bells,—perishing for lack of knowledge, whilst our communion-tables are filled with people who year after year "stand all the day idle!" what shall be said of this?

The Arve, rushing down from the glaciers,

"Muddy as Acheron, and cold as death,"

reaches, a little below Geneva, the clear blue Rhone. For awhile, the "lake-river" refuses to combine with the turbulent torrent. "The two rivers flow on without mingling," remarks a traveller, "so that you have the cold mud on one side, and the clear crystal on the other. The Arve is the child of night and frost, while the Rhone is the daughter of the day and of the sunshine." A phenomenon not greatly dissimilar is seen in our cities. In the heathenism of their degraded "closes" and "wynds," we recognise the muddy, glacier-like Arve: in the Christianity of their churches and communion-tables we recognise the azure, heaven-reflecting Rhone.

And in another feature, alas! the likeness holds good. The Arve and the Rhone here also flow on, side by side, refusing to commingle.

Ought it so to be? Is not the "pure river of the water of life" sent, from "the throne of

God and of the Lamb," through the heart of the Church, for the very purpose of absorbing the dark waters which flow through the heart of a polluted heathenism? Is not "the daughter of the day and of the sunshine" charged by Him who made her what she is, not to repel, but to draw cordially to herself, this outcast "child of night and of frost?"

Yet how stands the case? "We can tell," said Dr. Chalmers, in appealing to the Church in 1834, on behalf of the home-heathenism of Scotland, "of a multitude in our own land, whom no man has yet numbered, who are strangers even to the message of the New Testament—of that still greater multitude, who, with an eternity wholly unprovided for, live in irreligion, and die in apathy or despair."

In Edinburgh alone, it was ascertained in 1836, not fewer than 50,000 persons attended no place of worship of any kind.

Among the "outfields" of its heathenism, scarcely any district is more degraded than the Canongate—the scene in which Alexander

Paterson was now to labor, and in the culture of whose families he was to "spend, and to be spent," during the remaining twenty-four years of his life. Take one passing glance. "In some of the worst parts of the district," says our informant, "a number of wretched creatures were collected together, who had lost all sense of moral decency, and whom nothing could induce to come out of their wretched hovels, that they might hear the Word of life. To these hovels he went once a week, taking a candle in his pocket that they might have light; for the hovels were generally in sunk storeys or in cellars, and the inmates were so poor, that they could not afford a light of their own."

"Our main confidence for a prosperous result," wrote Dr. Chalmers to the Duke of Buccleugh, announcing the design of his great enterprise of Church-extension, "is, under the blessing of Heaven, in the conscientious and devoted assiduities of those who may be appointed to the charge of the newly-formed

parishes, each maintaining a moral guardianship over the families of his own territory, and plying them with such attentions both of common and of Christian kindness, as all experience attests to be the most effectual for humanizing a now outlandish, because now, and of necessity, a sadly neglected population." The ploughman of Kilmany was not to enjoy the vantage-ground afforded by the official position here indicated; but seldom has there entered a district one more richly furnished with the personal qualities which tell on such a scene. Coupled with a rare natural shrewdness, and with a singularly genial warmth, there was a power of prayer—a mightiness in the Scripture—a divine tact in dealing with souls, which proclaimed him, wherever he went, to be one of the Master's own missionaries.

He began his work in the Canongate towards the close of 1827. "This is a wonderful field," he writes to Robert Edie, on 27th February, 1828, "in which the Lord hath cast

my lot. Amidst all the gospel-light that is now shining, thousands in gross darkness, and walking in darkness, and dying as they live! Oh! my soul is pained within me at times. I still meet with many who confess that they know not Jesus. There are hundreds of families that cannot read one word. They are just bringing up their children in the same way. They never enter the house of God. Though there are schools for the very purpose, they will not send their children. We have some old people learning to read, at sixty and seventy years of age; and it is wonderful how they are coming on. And I am sure you will be astonished when I tell you, that in all my visits, there are none who neglect me as yet. The Lord seems to go before and pave the way. O bless the Lord, O my soul, and never forget all this kindness which the Lord hath shown thee.

"He inclines these very sinners," he continues, "to hear the message of salvation. And even the most abandoned prostitutes He

makes to listen to the words of eternal life. There is one house that contains six of these prostitutes; I have visited them for some time; and now I have established a meeting among them for the reading of the Word of God, and exhorting them to flee from the wrath that is to come. And it is wonderful how the Lord binds them down, and makes them to give the hearing ear. Oh, that the Lord would make His word like fire, and like a hammer that will break these rocks in pieces.

"Oh! this is laborious work indeed," he adds; "but still I can speak to the praise of my God, that He sends none a warfare on their own charges, and that, when He sends us to fight His battles, He gives us strength and courage in the day of battle. I have seen and felt much of the Lord's goodness since I came here. Our meetings at night, since I wrote you, are increased in their number. The places where we meet are crowded to the door. And they seem to feel under the Word. Let God have all the glory."

It was his custom to hold little meetings—often two or three in the course of a single day—to which he invited the families residing in the "land" just visited. A larger meeting was held each Thursday evening, and also on the Sabbath evening, in a stated place—a hall situated in a central close of the district. To any one acquainted with the ordinary statistics of such meetings, it would not be surprising to be told, that the Sabbath-evening and week-evening meetings were often very thinly attended. But during the entire period of his labors, the ploughman's meetings were almost invariably crowded, numbering not fewer than a hundred persons.

"His daily labors were such," says one who had abundant opportunities of knowing his way, "as would appear scarcely credible. He commenced at 10, A.M., and often continued, with an hour's interval, till 8, P.M. This gave him an opportunity of meeting all classes of the people, whatever might be their avocations or hours of work. Late in the evening he

returned home in a state of great prostration."

Not long after he had commenced his meetings in Bull's Close, an elderly female was observed, with unintermitting regularity, seated in a corner of the hall, and, as Brainard says of his Indians, "hearing as for her life." One night after the meeting, the missionary, attracted by her earnest demeanor, spoke to her in his own kindly way about her soul.

"What brings you so constantly here?" said he.

"I was induced to attend one evening; and as you were speaking on the words, 'Come now and let us reason together,' the arrow pierced my soul. I went home; and so great was my agony, that for a whole month I could scarcely eat or sleep. Day after day I sought rest, but I found none."*

* The details of this case, and of other cases to be noted, are given by the missionary himself, in certain brief memoranda which, at the urgent request of one who appreciated his labors at their true value—James Cunningham, Esq., W.S.—he drew up from some pencil-notes taken down at

"And have you found Christ now?"

"No, no," she replied, in a tone of deep sorrow; "not yet."

Some time afterwards, she did find peace in believing, and was admitted a member of Leith Wynd Church by the Rev. Mr. Simpson.

That convert's subsequent history was not a little interesting. Her husband and five sons having been drowned at sea, she was living, at the time when she first came to the meetings, a lonely widow, but earning a decent livelihood by an occupation in the neighboring House of Industry. After an interval, a married daughter in London, her only surviving child, "wrote for her to come and reside with them, as she would be of use in nursing the children, while she herself attended the shop." Having advised with Mr. Paterson—for such was his genial way with the people, that they began to repair to him in their every dif-

the repective dates. It was with the utmost difficulty that Mr. Cunningham prevailed upon him to do even this. His invariable reply, on such occasions, was—"Another day will declare it."

ficulty—she removed from Edinburgh to London.

As she was unable to write, year after year passed over, and Mr. Paterson heard nothing of her. At length one evening, as he returned exhausted from his labors, he found in his room a letter from a London city-missionary. "I have found to-day," wrote the missionary, "in an attic, in an obscure part of the city, the fruit of your Canongate labors." It was the aged widow. Finding that her son-in-law kept his shop open on the Lord's day, she had spoken very earnestly on the sinfulness of the practice, urging him to abandon it. The remonstrances were vain: profit triumphed over principle; and the traffic was continued. But if profit triumphed in the son-in-law, principle triumphed in the widow. "Though I should beg my way to Scotland," was her emphatic reply, "I will not remain under a roof where the holy Sabbath is so desecrated."

She left the house, and took a small attic, where she supported herself by knitting. In

that attic the missionary had visited her on the day he wrote to Mr. Paterson. So deeply did her case interest some parties in London to whom it was afterwards made known, that the Highland Society granted her an annuity of £10.

In her seventy-second year she wrote from the attic a letter which is worth perusing. Her amanuensis was the London city-missionary.

"*Westminster*, *June* 17, 1840.

"My Dear Mr. Paterson,—I received your kind letter of October last, and have often felt a strong desire to answer it; but one thing and another has still risen up to frustrate my wishes. I thank you, dear Sir, for bringing the great realities of Christ and His eternal kingdom so prominently before my view. O that I may, indeed, hold on and hold out; for only they who do, give proof that the work is at all begun.

"We, and especially I, can have but a few more short stages to the end of our journey;

but what a mercy that the road is marked out by an infallible Guide, who has promised to accompany us to the very last step, and who has linked His honor and glory to His people's security in such a way, that no power in earth or hell can sever them!

"I desire to thank my heavenly Father who looked upon me in my lost condition, and made me to differ from thousands that surrounded me then, and, I humbly hope, is keeping me from the vanities and follies of tens of thousands who surround me now, in this great Babel, of all ages, and of all classes, who are posting on to eternal night. O to be delivered from the numberless snares which the spiritual fowler has spread in this vast wilderness for the feet of unwary travellers! O to escape the noisome pestilence of sin, which is daily slaying its thousands around us! I hope the Lord is my Saviour; for I desire to be saved only in the way of His own appointment—through sanctification of the Spirit and belief of the truth.

"Remember me to the women that I knew in the House of Industry; and tell them to make sure work for an interest in Christ, which is the one thing needful, and which is a sovereign balm for every wound. It is not likely that I shall see any of you in this world; but when I get to heaven, I will be on the look-out for all of you. O that there may not be one soul missing!

"Be so kind as to write as soon as possible, because it is a great comfort to me in my pilgrimage, to hear of the welfare of my fellow-travellers that are afar off.

"I conclude with my best wishes, and earnest prayers for all your happiness, and remain yours truly and sincerely,

"ISABEL M'CLENNON."

Not long afterwards, the Canongate-convert died, as she had lived, a humble and rejoicing believer.

Another case, not less marked in its results, occurred about the same time.

"Oh, sir, who has told you about me?" said a young woman one night to the missionary, as he was leaving the hall after the meeting.

"What about?"

"Oh, the way I've been living."

"Do you think what I said was true?"

"Oh, it's all true. I've had no fear of God before my eyes; I've been living in what I knew to be sin, but my heart was so hardened by it, that I just went on from worse to worse. Oh, sir, what is to become of me?"

"You must go to the Lord Jesus Christ."

"Oh, I don't think He will ever receive me,—I am such a sinner!"

"I'll come and see you."

"Oh, then, sir, don't be long."

The missionary called next day, and found her in great distress of mind.

"Oh! I am lost and undone forever!" she exclaimed in a tone of deep anguish, as he entered.

"Oh, no; Jesus came to seek and to save them that are lost. He died to save the very

chief of sinners. He declares, 'Him that cometh unto me, I will in nowise cast out.' 'God so loved the world, that He gave His only-begotten Son, that whosoever believeth in Him should not perish but have everlasting life.'"

He did not see her again for some days. "Now," was her joyful salutation the next time they met, "now I see not only my great sins, but also the great Saviour. I see Him to be just such a Saviour as I need. I am willing now to be saved in Christ's own way."

"The Lord spared her for some years," writes the missionary; "and she lived in the fear of the Lord, having great joy and peace in believing in Jesus. He was truly precious to her soul. 'Well may I now say,' was her frequent remark to me, 'Thy word was found of me, and I did eat it, and it has been the joy and rejoicing of my heart.'"

Her death bed was a scene of lowly triumph.

"For me to live is Christ," she said one day

to Mr. Paterson when he came in, "and for me to die is gain."

"So you're not afraid to die?"

"Oh no; Christ has died for me: Jesus has taken away the sting, and now death cannot injure me. He was made sin for me, who knew no sin. He who was the Just One, suffered for me the unjust, to bring me to God the Father. Oh! He has given me peace, great peace; and He is keeping me in perfect peace; my mind is stayed on Him."

A little after, she said, "Oh what a wonder that I am out of hell! I may well say, 'Behold, what manner of love the Father has bestowed upon me, a child of the devil, that I should be a child of God.' 'And if children,' she went on to say, 'then heirs of God, and joint-heirs with Christ. If so be that we suffer with Him, that we may be also glorified together. I reckon that my sufferings are not worthy to be compared with the glory which shall be revealed in us.'"

Fruits such as these could grow only upon

"trees" which the Lord Himself had planted. The Lord was with the missionary, owning his humble but devoted labors.

"Truth," says Cecil, "is the master-spring of a minister. Hell is before me, and thousands of souls shut up there in everlasting agonies. Jesus Christ stands forth to save men from rushing forth into this bottomless abyss. He sends me to proclaim His ability and His love—I want no fourth idea!—every fourth idea is contemptible!—every fourth idea is a grand impertinence." And if this be true of the minister, not less true is it of the missionary. In *his* daily visitations and ministrations, there is nothing to feed the "flesh"—nothing to stir that merely carnal excitement which is so easily mistaken for the movings of the Holy Ghost. The missionary of the closes and of the wynds is thrown back continually upon first principles. If he have not a heart "bubbling up," like David's, "with good matter touching the King,"* he soon finds that he has

* Psalm xlv. 1.

mistaken his calling. "A dead fish," it has been said, "will swim with the stream, whatever be its direction; but a living one will not only resist the stream, but, if it chooses, it can swim against it."

Day after day Mr. Paterson was found at his trying post, with only his faith to animate him. "I am still laboring a little in the work of the Lord," he writes to Miss Edie on 3d April, 1828, "in declaring Christ Jesus and Him crucified to poor sinners. There are many in this place who are strangers to the great concerns of their never-dying souls. Oh this should stir us up to be earnest and diligent in the work. Oh that the Lord would bless my labors among the people! Oh that He would open the windows of Heaven and shower down a blessing that there may not be room to receive it! I trust that you are experiencing the light of your Redeemer's countenance, and that you are abounding in the love of your God. There is nothing else worth living for, unless for Christ. Oh that

we may be able by grace to show to the world by our walk and conversation, that we are not of the world, but that He hath chosen us out of the world, and ordained us to eternal life. I desire an interest in your prayers."

New examples were continually occurring to encourage his faith. We select one other case belonging to the earlier period of his Canongate labors.

"Oh! sir," said a woman to him one day, who had sent for him to come and see her, "I have long had a desire to speak with you. What a careless sinner I have been! You often invited me to come to your meetings; but I felt I was good enough. I thought that I had a good heart; and if I went to church, I thought I was as good as my neighbors."

"And are you changed now?"

"One night I felt a strong desire to go to your meeting; I was three times at the door—at last I went in. You spoke from these words, 'Unto you is the word of this salvation sent.' That night I will never forget: the

word was sent to me. I was made to feel what I had never felt before. I felt myself a sinner, and my heart to be a hard heart and desperately wicked. I saw that I only had a name to live—the form, and not the power of godliness; for I had been living without God and without Christ. I think Christ sought and found me that night—me a poor lost sheep and a dead sinner, and gave me life. Oh the peace I have felt in my soul since!"

"Do you think you are free from all sin?" asked the missionary.

"Oh! no; I never felt so much the evil of sin. I feel my heart worse than ever I felt it. I hate sin more than I ever did. I love to read and hear the Word of God; and, Sir, before I could get on without prayer; but now I cannot live without it."

"You will find sin so strong in you that you will be like to think at times it will get the better of you?"

"Oh! yes, many a time; but, sir, that word which you spoke the other night was a good

word to my soul—'Sin shall not have dominion over me; for ye are not under the law, but under grace.' Oh! pray for me that I may never turn back from the Lord."

"This woman," writes Mr. Paterson, "was through grace enabled to stand fast in the faith, and gave great proof to all who knew her, that she was one who feared the Lord."

And these were only specimens. "My labors," we find him writing to Mr. Edie, on 1st July, 1828, "are getting on as well as I could expect. I always find a ready reception; and there is at present a great concern among some of them about their souls. It is the Lord's doing. Many who never attended divine worship are attending our meetings. Many of them that were drunkards and whoremongers, and were given to other wickedness, declare that the Word has been blessed to them. I hope that they will not be like the dog, returning to their vomit. Oh the work is great and glorious indeed; and blessed be the Lord that it is His own work. We have every reason to

believe that He will bless His own work. He hath said it, and He will do it."

And two months later, to Miss Edie,—"Glory be to His name that He has promised not to send His servants a warfare on their own charges—that He has promised to 'teach their hands to war and their fingers to fight'—that Jesus, our great Captain, our glorious Leader, goes before us, leading us to victory. 'Is not my word a hammer, and even a fire?' Oh that I could make all the world see the beauty of my precious and adorable Saviour! We have need of the wisdom of the serpent, and at the same time of the harmlessness of the dove. I have cause to bless the Lord that my labors have not been in vain. There are many asking the way to Heaven, with tears in their eyes."

# CHAPTER VI.

Power of Sympathy—People's Affection for him—Illness—The Converted Drunkard—"Wept like a Child"—Triumphant Death—The Strait Gate—Piercing Sense of Sin—Example—The Formalist—Taken away in her Sins—Afflictions—"Merciful Visits"—"Trade for Christ"—Meetings—The Fortune-teller—Trophy of Grace—Lay-Preaching—Secret of its power—Freshness of First Truths, not Low Familiarity—Moses on the Hill—Joshua in the Plain.

"SYMPATHY," it has been said, "sinks deep into the soul. The worst love those that love them." In our humble missionary there was a yearning affection which touched the hearts of the most depraved. An illness which laid him aside for a time from his labors, revealed the people's love for him. "When I was shut up from them," he wrote to Mr. Edie, on 29th May, 1829, after his recovery, "numbers of them came to my house every day; and many of the poor creatures entreated me not to come out lest I should get cold. My heart warmed

much for them. I hope that the God of all grace will give me grace to be humble, and grateful to Him for His kindness which he has shown me since I came here among them, for He has blessed the feeble instrument. Let all the glory be given to the God of glory."

Though he spoke so affectionately to the poor outcasts, he did not spare their sins. His trumpet gave no uncertain sound.

"I went home from the meeting that night," said a man to him one day, "but I slept none; oh! it was a wonderful night to me."

The man had once been a respectable shopkeeper, and a member of a Christian Church. But "he had given himself," says Mr. Paterson, "to drink, and he had sunk so very low, that the boys in the Canongate might be observed taking hold of his coat-tails, making him 'a bogle.'"

One night he came to the meeting. "I was telling the people, (from Rom. viii. 9,)" writes the missionary, "that if they were not God's children, they must be the children of the

devil, and were not only children of wrath, but at that moment the wrath of God was abiding on them; and if death came to them in that state, then they must hear the words sounded in their ears,—'Depart from me, ye cursed, into everlasting fire, prepared for the devil and his angels.' And I was telling them that at that very moment the Lord Jesus was saying to every poor sinner among them, 'Turn ye, why will ye die?' that Christ Jesus was able and willing to save, not only those sinners who were young, but even those who had grown old in iniquity, and that now was the accepted time, and now the day of salvation."

"These words," said the man to him next day when he called, "went to my heart; I felt myself a lost sinner; I cried, 'What must I do to be saved?'"

From that night he was a new man. So great was the change, that it was visible to the whole neighborhood. He lived several years afterward, "proving himself to be not only a sober man, but one who loved the Lord Jesus

and His word." Such was his hatred of anything which tended to lead him back to his old and sinful practices, that once, when he had tasted a little beer, his conscience so smote him that he wept like a child.

"He died," says the missionary, "with joy unspeakable. Often on his death bed he might be heard saying,—Oh! what grace can do! Here am I a brand plucked out of the burning. Here am I, one who was the very chief of sinners, become a saint through Christ; and yet the least of all saints—by the grace of God I am what I am! You (addressing Mr. Paterson) have been the means, in the hand of the Lord, of my salvation. Oh, what a Saviour I have found! Oh, what a sinner He has saved!'"

"An easy entrance on religion," says Thomas Boston, "is somewhat suspicious-like, and needs to be examined; because it is a 'strait gate' that leadeth unto life." "It is the way of the world," he adds, "to expose the entering by the strait gate under the name of

melancholy, madness, and distraction. But let the world cry it down as they will, the Bible cries it up, as not only justifiable, but necessary." Of nothing was our missionary more jealous than of this "easy" religion. The first token of the Spirit's working in a soul was a piercing sense of sin. Take an example.

A woman whom he visited was for months very hardened, scarcely allowing him to enter her door. "I repeated my visits, however," says he, "and tried to impress on her mind what all men are by the fall—corrupt and sinful, and I pointed out at the same time the misery of sin."

One day, as he was addressing her in this strain out of the Word, she was suddenly brought under very deep conviction. Now she thought she was so great a sinner, that there could be no mercy for her. The missionary pointed her to "the Lamb of God which taketh away the sin of the world." Yet her conviction still increased; her soul was like the troubled waters, it could not rest.

"Are you away?" she said, on one occasion when he was leaving; "Have you not another word to say to me?"

"Yes," he said, turning to her, "I have this word in Isaiah, xxvi. 12, 'Lord, Thou wilt ordain peace for us; for Thou also hast wrought all our works in us.' This is what you must be brought to say."

"Oh!" she exclaimed, "why did you not tell me this at the first? That is just what I needed. I've been thinking I must do something myself; and I could never better myself. But oh! I see now it is the Lord Himself."

"Yes," said Mr. Paterson, "it *is* the Lord Himself. He begins the work in the soul, and He carries it on; He makes the sinner willing in the day of His power."

He went next day to her house. The moment he entered, she exclaimed, "Oh! what a blessed night I have had! I see that Jesus is just the very Saviour for *me*. Now I can rest all my salvation upon Him. Oh! I see my interest in Him now. I can now take hold of

the sweet promises you pointed out to me at your former visits."

Religion like that has a root, and it lasts. "From that time till she died," says Mr. Paterson, "her faith in the Saviour increased, so that she departed rejoicing in a crucified and risen Lord, as all her salvation and all her desire."

But cases occurred of a less pleasant kind. We select an example.

It was that of a female, "comfortable in her circumstances, but with no time to spare for her soul." When visiting the "land," he always called, but never got admittance. One day, after he had spoken to her very solemnly at the door, warning her of the danger of dying without Christ,—he was going up-stairs to visit another family, when she came out and cried after him, "Oh! be sure and not be long in coming back again, for I do wish to see you." In a few days he called.

"I'm sorry," she said, the moment she opened the door, "I have no time to receive you

to-day; I've a friend come from London, and I've to go out with him."

"Well, you will have time to die, whether you're prepared or not; so you've no time just now?"

"No, not to-day."

"Well, let me say this to you, in case you and I never meet again,—'Behold now is the accepted time, now is the day of salvation.' 'To-day, if you will hear His voice, harden not your heart.' 'Turn at my reproof, and I will pour out my Spirit upon you, and make known my words unto you;' but observe what follows,—'But because I called, and ye refused; I stretched out my arms, and you would not regard me; you set at nought all my counsels, you would none of my reproofs, I also will laugh at your calamity, and mock when your fear cometh.' Oh! think of these things, lest I never see you again." She thanked him, and he went away.

That night she and her brother went to the theatre; she "took ill" while she was in it—

came home—grew worse—and was in eternity by five o'clock next morning.

"The thing," says he, "so impressed me, that I resolved, if God spared me any longer, to labor by His grace more diligently than ever—to preach the Word—to be instant in season and out of season—to reprove, rebuke, exhort, with all long-suffering and doctrine."

By other methods, also, the Lord was sharpening his sickle. "The Lord," we find him writing to Mr. Edie, on 17th March, 1830, "has in His loving-kindness turned His hand upon me, and brought me into the school of affliction. He has been teaching me out of His law. 'Blessed be God, even the Father of our Lord Jesus Christ, the Father of mercies, and the God of all comfort, who comforteth us in all our tribulation, for this purpose that we may be able to comfort them that are in any trouble, by the comfort wherewith we are comforted of God.' Oh, what a comfort is this, that our dear Jesus says, 'I will never leave thee nor forsake thee!' My dear brother, time

and all our troubles will soon be over here; and then we shall be brought home to our Father's house. There the Lamb, the dear Lamb of God, shall feed and shall lead us to the fountain of living waters. Then shall we see Him as He is, face to face. Every day is bringing us nearer Him. What a comfort is it that He does make a visit to our souls in the wilderness, and fill us with peace and joy!"

"These are merciful visits, my dear Sandy," rejoined Mr. Edie, on 6th April; "and it rejoices my heart that you have been made to receive them as such. You say our time and troubles here will soon be at an end. So say I, my friend. Courage, then! We must not let go our confidence in the Lord Jesus, which hath great recompense of reward. Oh, such a reward! the reward of grace—eternal redemption—the fruition of His love in glory! Oh that we could in some measure comprehend, with all saints, the height, depth, length, breadth, of the love of our God in Christ! But it passeth knowledge. When I contem-

plate this subject, I am led to wonder much at the low pursuits of my grovelling soul, and that it should ever be led away from the consideration of things divine."

He rose from his sick bed quickened into fresh zeal. "It appears but as yesterday," he again writes to Mr. Edie, "since I came to Edinburgh, and what have I been doing? I have done, as it were, nothing. Oh, to be diligent in the service of Him who loved us and gave Himself for us, even to the death! How little of the love of the Spirit of Christ is to be found in me! The Apostle says, 'For me to live is Christ, and to die is gain.' Oh may we cleave to Christ, and may He have all our hearts, and may He fill them with His love and grace, and then will our tongues speak of His praise, and it will be our meat and drink to do His will."

And to Miss Edie,—"No medicine like the blood of Christ. Christ is my 'life;' or, my life is made up of Christ, just as a wicked man's life is made up of sin. Christ is the

principle of my life. We must fetch our spiritual life from Christ. The believer is a branch ingrafted into Christ, therefore receives sap from the root—Christ. We are not to live to ourselves, but we are to live to Christ. We must lay ourselves out for Christ. We must trade for Christ's interest. The design of our life is to exalt Christ. David cried, 'O come, and let us exalt his name together.'"

Again we see him in the field putting in his sickle. "Oh! sin is abounding here," he writes. "Many are running headlong to ruin. There are many fearful places I go to. Oh! what wretchedness and misery do I meet with! They allow me to read God's Word to them, and they seem to listen and hear it. And they attend the meetings very well. I have two meetings in one place—on Monday and Friday; about eighty attend them every night. I have other two in different places, about thirty at each of them; indeed the place will hold no more; many have to go away that cannot get in. Oh that the Lord would send

down a blessing! for, without a blessing from Him, all will be in vain. I commit my way unto the Lord. Oh remember me in prayer. We have a prayer-meeting every Wednesday night for the outpouring of the Spirit. Mrs. Coutts has one in her house every Tuesday night. I was there last night; there were about twenty present. I found it very sweet and refreshing."*

"You're one o' the impudentest fellows ever I met with," said an old woman to him one Monday morning, abruptly seizing him by the arm, as he was going down the Canongate.

"In what respect?"

"In what respect? Such a nicht as you

* "I was at breakfast this morning with Dr. Chalmers," he writes in the letter above quoted. "They are all well. He is a very kind humble man. He has very little time to spare. He has two classes this year; and he told me it is one o'clock every morning before he gets to bed." Knowing his retiring modesty, which made him shrink from joining a circle of strangers, Dr. Chalmers used to invite him to tea or to breakfast alone, not grudging to spend two or three hours with him in converse about the things of God.

had last nicht! You made me out to be the greatest sinner in the Canongate."

"My friend, I don't know you; I don't remember ever seeing you before."

"Never saw me before! Last nicht you never kept your eye off me a moment. I would have thought nothing o't, had you come and told me by mysel'; but to do it before a' yon folk—'twas too bad."

"Where is your house?" said the missionary, "and I'll go and see you;" for by this time a crowd had gathered on the pavement.

"Come awa', then," was her immediate reply. And taking him up to the top-flat of a neighboring "land," she ushered him into a dirty hovel, full of smoke.

"This," said she, the moment they entered, to her husband, who was sitting by the fire, "this is the man that gave me such a redding-up last night."

"But is what I said true?" asked Mr. Paterson, mildly, after they had sat down upon two rickety stools, which, with that on which the

husband was sitting, composed the chief articles of furniture in the apartment.

"True? it was all true; and if you hadn't been going about among the neighbors, you never could have known what you said."

"Well, what was it I said that's given you so much offence?"

"Said? I'm sure all you said was meant for me."

"How do you think that? I never named you; as I said before, I didn't so much as know you."

"What! you never took your eyes off me a' the time you were speaking; so you just meant me."

"But tell me what struck you most."

"You said that I was a liar, and that I would be cast into hell."

"Well, then, are you a liar?"

"Yes, I am."

"What kind of life have you been living?"

"Oh!" she said, with a tone of deepened feeling, "I've been living a bad, bad life; I've

for many years been a *fortune-teller*, and I may say I've made my bread by telling fortunes; and that's just telling lies, you know."

"Well, then, you needn't be angry that I said so. But let me tell you, it wasn't my words that I spoke to you,—it was God's words, and He knows your every thought, and every word you speak." He read to her Rev. xxi. 8—"But the fearful and unbelieving, and the abominable, and murderers, and whoremongers, and sorcerers, and idolaters, and all liars, shall have their part in the lake which burneth with fire and brimstone, which is the second death." "If you continue in that sin," said he, "believe me, you shall never enter heaven." He next read Rev. xxii. 11—"He that is unjust, let him be unjust still, and he that is filthy, let him be filthy still . . . . And, behold, I come quickly, and my reward is with me, to give to every man according as his work shall be. For without are dogs, and sorcerers, and whoremongers, and murderers, and idolaters, and whosoever loveth and maketh a lie."

"Now it is the Lord Jesus," he added, "who says all this, and not I."

"I see you are right," replied the woman, in a tone more and more subdued; "I'm no less a sinner than you said I was. But what is to become of me?"

"There's nothing for you but to go to Jesus."

"But will he take such a wretch as me? Oh! I *am* a great sinner. And oh, Jamie!" she added, turning to her husband, in evident concern, "you're no better than me; I doubt we'll both be cast down into hell."

"It really doesn't look well," said her husband, shaking his head significantly, as if himself beginning to be alarmed also.

"But, sir, do you think," asked the woman, "that Jesus would take *such* sinners?"

"Yes," said the missionary, opening his Bible, "it is written in this book, 'Whosoever confesseth and forsaketh his sins, *shall* find mercy.' Have you a Bible in the house?"

"Oh! no; we have none."

"Do you ever go to church?"

"Never; I haven't had my foot within a church-door for sixteen years, till last night that I heard you; but I'll come and hear you again. Have you any other meetings?"

He told her he had four meetings during the week, and where she might find them each night.

From that day the woman gave up her fortune-telling. Along with her husband she attended every meeting. They got a Bible, and read it and prayed over it. A great change came over their whole life.

The husband lived for some years, giving marked evidence of his interest in Christ. "Oh! had you not come to my house that day with my wife," he used often to say to the missionary, "and had she not gone to that meeting where she thought you exposed her so much, I'm sure we should both have gone down into hell, for oh! we lived a sad life of sin; but since that, we have had great peace and comfort, even when we had little to eat, for that little had God's blessing with it." He died in the faith of the Lord Jesus.

"The woman died on 23d September, 1847," says Mr. Paterson, "a manifest trophy of sovereign grace."

"A hundred times it has been said," observes Isaac Taylor,* "by those who would fain show their liberality in getting up an apology for lay-preaching, that it is the lay-preacher's employment of a dialect colloquially understood by the mass of the people, and at the same time the low level of his ideas, that fit him for his office as their instructor. . . But no; it is *concentration*, and not a low familiarity,—it is the elementary grandeur of first truths, that forcibly opens up a way into the human heart, whether cultured or rude. Whether it be the bearer and winner of academic honors, or the recently-washen mason or shoemaker,—the preacher who feels with power and *freshness* such truths, and who brings to bear upon the utterance of them some natural gifts, is always listened to by the mass of men." The "first-truths" uttered by

* *Wesley and Methodism,*

Alexander Paterson were drawn fresh from the Word: in his mouth they never grew common-place: homely as was the missionary's style, the truths retained their elementary grandeur; they touched the heart, they pierced the conscience, they held the sinner fast as a rebel of God, they drew him by the cords of love to the feet of the Sin-bearer.

And how did he maintain in his own soul the power and freshness of those first-truths? In his ploughman-days, he had always been accustomed to rise at three o'clock in the morning. After he came to Edinburgh, and down the close of his life, he awoke regularly at the same early hour, and gave himself to meditation and prayer. It was in these morning hours of Bible meditation and prayer, that the real battle with the enemy of souls was fought. In his closet, he was Moses on the top of the hill with the rod of God in his hand: in the closes and wynds, he was Joshua discomfiting Amalek in the plain.

# CHAPTER VII.

"Heart-deep"—The Awakened—Rest in Christ—The Death-bed Triumph—Another Inquirer—The Wet Bible—The "Awful Night"—The Crimson-dyed sinner—The Change—The Lesson—Dr. Chalmers—Tears of Joy—The Prayer—The Converted Papist—Dexterity in Applying of Remedies—Closet Teachings—Dr. Chalmers—The Chair—"None but Christ"—The Wynds—The Stout-hearted—The Melting—The "Christian Look"—Vinet—"I have no Love to Christ"—"Must not I first Repent?"—The "Study of Christ"—The Furnace—"Not Alone."

"He is not witty or learned or eloquent, but he is holy. The character of his sermon is holiness. He dips and seasons all his words and sentences in his heart, before they come into his mouth; truly affecting and cordially expressing all that he says; so that the auditors may plainly perceive that every word is heart-deep." So writes Herbert in describing his "Country Parson." Our missionary is here drawn to the life.

Instances were continually occurring which

proved the telling efficacy of his earnest and "heart-deep" words. We select one in 1835.

A woman and her husband came together one night to his meeting. His text was, "Come now, and let us reason together; though your sins be as scarlet, they shall be white as snow; though they be red like crimson, they shall be as wool." The woman was brought under great concern. "I felt myself," she afterwards told him, "a lost and undone sinner; and I thought there was no help for me." "For weeks," he says, "she cried for mercy to pardon and for grace to help her; but she remained in great distress, her soul finding no relief."

On the husband the word had a different effect. He went away from the meeting in a great rage, and never again returned whilst his wife lived.

The woman was never absent. One night the missionary spoke on these words,—"Come unto me, all ye that labor and are heavy laden, and I will give you rest." The light broke in

upon her soul. She saw that the blood of Christ cleanseth from all sin. She believed; and she found peace.

She lived, after this, for five years, a marked trophy of free grace. Her death bed was a scene of calm triumph.

"Do you find Christ near to you?" said he to her one day.

"Oh yes," she replied, "Christ is in me, the hope of glory. He is precious to my soul. My Beloved is mine, and I am His. The Lord is my shepherd; I will never want any good thing. In a little, I'll be in my Father's house, to be forever with my Father, and with Jesus, my dear Saviour."

And taking the missionary very earnestly by the hand, she added, "Oh, pray much for my dear husband; after I am away, be sure to visit him; it may be the Lord will yet turn his heart; you see mine was just as hard as his, and by His word and Spirit He broke my heart, and put life into my dead soul. Be sure and visit my husband."

The request was not forgotten. Once every week, Mr. Paterson visited him; but, for a long while, without any apparent result. At length, one day, as he went in, he found him with the Bible before him, and the tears trickling down.

"John, what's the matter?" said he, after a pause.

"Oh!" was the reply, "last night was the most awful night that ever I had in my life."

"How?"

"D'ye mind me coming one night with my wife to your meeting in Bull's Close?"

"Yes, I do; but you never returned."

"No, I did not; and that night, if I had had you at the door, I would have knocked you down, for you made me to be such a sinner that I was enraged at you. D'ye mind the words you spoke upon that night?—Your text," he went on to say, without waiting for a reply, and in a tone betokening the intensest agony, "your text came into my mind last night in my sleep, and I thought I heard you speaking

to me. I saw myself to be the scarlet and crimson-dyed sinner—the very sinner you represented me; and I thought you pointed at me. Oh! my very heart is broken within me. Oh! what will become of me, if I die in this awful state?"

"Remember," said the missionary, "the words, 'Come now, and let us reason together; though your sins be as scarlet, they shall be white as snow; though they be red like crimson, they shall be as wool.' How long is it since you heard me upon these words?"

"It's now seven years."

"Well, John, you see who it is that says, 'Come now.' It is the Lord. He said seven years ago, 'Come now,'—and you would not come. And the Lord has come to you this last night and spoken Himself to you,—and He says that now, even now, if you be willing, at this very moment, He will do to you even as He hath said. Believe on the name of the Lord Jesus Christ, and thou shalt be saved. Oh, cast yourself down at His feet, and cry,

'Lord, save me or I perish! God be merciful to me a sinner!'"

"The man," writes Mr. Paterson, "fled that very day into the refuge. The change was visible to all the neighbors. He lived for three years; and when he died, it was in the faith of the Lord Jesus. From being a proud sinner, he had become like a little child; his heart was truly broken. God's Word was his consolation to his dying day."

"This was a case," he adds, "which gave me great encouragement to speak God's own Word to poor sinners. That portion of the Word of the Lord had lain in this man's heart for seven years, before he ever felt its power. 'This is the Lord's doing, and it is marvellous in our eyes.'"

A touching scene follows. "I called on Dr. Chalmers on Friday," he writes to Mr. Edie, on 29th April, 1835, "and spent an hour with him. It reminded me of Kilmany; indeed, I came away from him much refreshed; he was just like a father,—he took such an

interest about both my soul and body, and also my labors; and when I told him about them, he seemed to be overjoyed. When he heard of some of those who had been brought to Christ, the tears came down his pale cheeks. My heart was sore indeed to see him,—he is so ill-like and so thin. He is very much taken up about the Church, and spoke a good deal about it; I liked his plan—he gave me both his new books. Miss Chalmers brought a glass of wine, and he asked a blessing; indeed it was just a prayer, and oh! it was rich indeed and refreshing. He has his best regards to you, and says he liked your speech very much. You know that I said in my last letter that he was at London; but I was wrong—he is not to go for some time yet. He is earnest for an interest in our prayers. I am sure you would be greatly struck if you saw him, he is so altered and worn-out like; but I hope the Lord will spare him a little longer yet."

The Lord continued to bless Mr. Paterson's labors. "There is a woman, a Roman Catho-

lic," he writes to the same correspondent, "whom I had often visited, and of whom I had little hope. But she took ill, and was long ill. She sent for me, and I went and read the Word of God to her, for she could read none herself; and I endeavored to show her that there was salvation in no other than in Jesus Christ, and that it was not anything that we could do, but only what He had done and was doing, and nothing short of the blood of Jesus, which could take away our sin. She was enabled, through grace, to believe on the Son of God, our dear Jesus. She wanted me one day to read the Word of God to her. It was delightful to hear that woman; how much of the Word she received, and how much comfort she found from it. She died rejoicing in the Lord Jesus Christ as all her salvation.

"Let me tell you," he proceeds, "of another Catholic. He was in bed, but he had heard the conversation that I had with his wife, and also the prayers. He was much struck with what he heard, and also with the prayer. He

had never entered the house of God, and had used his wife very ill. Now he goes every day to the house of God, and they live happily together. I have a meeting in the 'land' where they live, and he attends the meeting, and seems an attentive hearer.

"There is also," he adds, "another woman who has been led to embrace the Lord Jesus Christ, and gives proof that she has done so. This has happened since I saw you. The Lord have all the glory."

George Herbert, in his "Country Parson," has a chapter with this quaint but pregnant title, "The Parson's Dexterity in applying of Remedies." Our missionary possessed a singular tact in conducting this most difficult and delicate work. "I have need of your prayers," he writes to Mr. Edie, in July, 1835, "that I may be found faithful in my Lord's work, and faithful to the souls of men and women. This is the most difficult part of my work. Sometimes I am afraid lest I should say, 'peace,' when God says 'no peace,' and at other times

lest I make those sad whom the Lord has not made sad; so that I have great need of your prayers. This, however, is only my own fear. I have never as yet heard of any of the Lord's people who have been thus wounded. And as for sinners, until they be wounded, they will not care for the Lord Jesus Christ; and yet, after they are wounded, even then it is no easy matter to get them to go to the Lord Jesus; for the devil, if he can destroy a soul any way, will do it.

"There is a woman," he continues, "at present under deep conviction; and, notwithstanding all that I can say to her, she will not take comfort. She judges herself unworthy of eternal life, and so puts away the Lord of life; but the Lord has his own way of bringing a sinner to Himself. She is not like the one I told you about when you were here. She took comfort, and rejoiced in Christ Jesus the Lord, and died in the faith of Jesus."

And he adds,—"A woman died on Sabbath last who was once a great sinner, but was

brought to deep conviction of sin about seven years ago at one of my meetings, and gave proof of her interest in the Lord Jesus Christ, and died in the faith of her dear Jesus, as she often called him. She often said to me and others, if she had not come to that meeting, she feared that she would have gone on in sin, and died in sin, and gone to hell. 'Oh the peace,' she used to say, 'I have enjoyed since I came to dear Jesus!' She often invited others to come to Jesus, saying, 'she was sure that after such a sinner as she had been welcomed, none need stay away.' She lived alone, but she often said, 'I am not alone, for the Father and my Saviour are with me, and His word is my comfort. Oh, my dear sir, what the grace of God can do! Let us give glory to our God.'"

How earnestly, meanwhile, he took heed to his own soul! "What grace it is towards us," he adds, in the letter just quoted, "that our union to Christ, our life, cannot be broken! And oh that our faith of our interest in Him,

in His person and fulness, may daily engage us to live to Him who died for us and rose again! Oh that we might not be contented to live at the poor, low, carnal rate at which the most of professors and church-members live! At this day our Lord has the fan in His hand, and He will thoroughly purge His floor. 'When the Lord shall search Jerusalem with candles, who shall abide the day of His coming?' Let us therefore watch and keep our garments, and whatsoever others will do, let us labor to improve all our present moments, some way or other, to glorify God, that so, when our Lord appears, we may be found of Him in peace, and have His 'well done' as good and faithful servants. Oh what a glorious Master is Jesus Christ! How glorious is His service! And what a glorious reward will He bestow upon His servants, when He bids them enter into the joy of their Lord!"

During the winter of 1835–6, he attended Dr. Chalmers' Lectures in the Divinity Hall. Writing to Mr. Edie, on 13th April, 1836, he

says,—"I have been greatly delighted and edified with them. A great many of them were as plain to me as ever I heard him in Kilmany. He was for three weeks, except on Fridays, upon the fall of man, and other three weeks on the remedy through our Lord Jesus Christ. Oh it was grand; and the good man seemed to feel what he spoke; his whole soul was in it. He pointed out the corruption of the heart and its exceeding sinfulness in such a light that, if he had not felt it, he could not have done it. And how he pressed home the truth upon the young men, that unless they were brought to feel that they were lost and ungodly sinners themselves; and unless they knew the length and breadth of the disease, they never would take hold of the whole remedy. He said he did not want to send them out to defend the truth, but to preach the truth, and the whole truth,—and, in doing this, they must preach a whole Christ. And then he turned them to the application of the remedy of the Holy Spirit. He referred them to the Word of God,

and showed them from it the work of the Spirit in giving them to feel their need of Christ, and also to apply the blood of Jesus Christ. 'And now, gentlemen,' he said, 'when you go to preach, hold out Christ as One who is able to save, and willing to save to the very uttermost. Some hold out, that we must feel the love of God in our heart, before we can venture to trust in Christ, or take comfort from Christ; but not so the Bible. The sinner feels he needs salvation; he is welcome to take Christ, and comfort from Christ.' I do think, my dear brother, you would have enjoyed him much. I thought sometimes—Oh, if you were here!"

And reverting to his labors in the wynds, he adds, "I have great reason to believe that the Lord is with me in my work. Many are under great concern about their souls, who have lived for forty, fifty, sixty, and eighty-five years in unconcern. I have had a great deal to do this winter; and it is wonderful how the Lord has given me strength for my

work, and also makes me feel delight in it. Thanks be to my God, that although I am often very much wearied *in* my work, I never grow weary *of* it. I find Him a good Master; and my great desire is, that I may be found faithful to Him, even unto the end."

Again, on 15th February, 1837, he writes:—"The Lord is making His own Word pierce the heart of some of His enemies and also comfort some of His own people. Since I wrote you, three persons have died in the faith of Jesus. Also, let me mention the case of a woman whom I visited. She kept a shop. At first, when I went to her, she did not care about my visits. She was unwell—in decline. She never spoke to me, nor asked me to sit down. Her husband went to the shop; but I sat down and spoke to her, in Scripture language, first about her state as a sinner; then I held out the Lord Jesus in all His fulness, and power, and willingness to save; and I prayed. But she spoke none, neither bade me come back. However, I went back; but still

I got no encouragement. I went again, and the Lord blessed His own Word. And, when I was speaking of the love of God in giving His Son to die for us sinners, and of the Son's love in giving Himself for us, the tears ran down her cheeks. She took me by the hand, and said, 'Oh! when will you come again?' I went the next day, and I found a very different reception. She cried out, 'O come and tell me about Jesus.' She lived two months after that, and died in the faith. I had great comfort in visiting her. Her husband was a man of the world, and cared not for his soul. He never spoke to me: I believe he would not have let me in, had not the Lord gone with me. Many others are under a deep concern about their souls. I trust the Lord will carry on the work in them. Oh, my dear brother, I have great need of your prayers!"

"Why," asks the illustrious Vinet, "cannot we accustom your eyes, and our own, to that simple looking towards Jesus, which has been the strength and unction of believers in all ages?

Why cannot we imprint on your souls, and on our own, the salutary impression, that all the trials, perplexities, and difficulties of the Christian life vanish away in this blessed unity of the Christian look? This look, so simple that the humblest child is capable of it, suffices for all. 'They looked to Him,' says the Psalmist, 'and were enlightened'—*i. e.*, at once illumined, warmed, quickened, consoled." With great simplicity of faith our missionary continued to direct his own eye, and the eye of all to whom he wrote or spoke, away from self, from self's doings, from self's frames, exclusively upon CHRIST.

"I have no love to Christ," said an anxious inquirer to him one day, in a tone of great despondency.

"But, my dear friend," was his reply, "Christ has love to you."

"But must not I repent first," said another, "and *then* go to Christ?"

"No, you must learn to go to Jesus for everything you need. You need repentance,

but Jesus is exalted by God the Father for the purpose of giving repentance. You need wisdom, you need forgiveness, you need holiness; but all these are His to give. You must go to Him for them. Be much in prayer to this precious Saviour: He has declared that none shall seek Him in vain. Leave off trusting in yourself, and cling with a single and undivided heart to the cross of Christ, and count everything else but loss that you may win Christ and be found in Him."

And to Robert Edie—"Oh! the blessings, the comforts that flow from the right knowledge of a crucified, risen Saviour. The study of our exalted Lord is, doubtless, to a believer, the most delightful of all studies. Surely a whole life is too little to devote to it. Since He is, above all finite comprehension, glorious in His person, offices, and benefits,—there is something ever new and refreshing in meditating upon our Great High Priest, in thinking of Him as the way, the truth, and the life, even our life. O that we could ever dwell upon Him!

"Oh, the happiness of that soul that is interested in Him," he continues, "neither men nor angels can tell! The whole world, with all the variety of creatures and things in it, cannot fill the heart of one man; but one Christ can fill the largest soul; yea, millions of them, both in the upper and lower worlds, at once, for His fulness is infinite. Oh what a goodly heritage have they that have Christ for their portion; and how happy are they who love Him most, and serve Him best! What a glorious Master is Jesus Christ! He pardons all their sins, accepts all their weak services, yea, gives them no less than Himself, for He says, 'I am the Lord thy God.' As the bread of life, they live upon Him as the life of their souls: He is the heavenly manna to eat, and He is a pure river of water of life to drink, the streams whereof fill them with joy and gladness, and make them break forth into singing, even in this world. My dear brother, are you not ready to cry out, 'When will that happy hour arrive, when all sin shall be entirely done

away, and the dear Saviour and His redeeming love be the constant object of our happy wondering souls, and the praises of His free grace the only theme of all our joyful songs?' "

And to Miss Edie—"God so loved the world that He gave His own Son. Christ so loved us sinners as to give Himself for us. It is impossible to realize such love, and feel no emotions of love in our breasts. Are our passions frozen to ice,—and shall not such love dissolve in affection? Are our hearts hard like adamant,—and shall not such tender compassion soften them? If the love of God and the love of Christ be shed abroad in the soul, it will cut us to the heart to sin against such love—to open the wounds of the Son of God afresh, and cause His blood again to run down His pierced side. To do this, would be to plant a dagger in our own breast."

Luther tells us that he did not learn his theology at once, but that he had been searching deeper and deeper into truth,—and to that his trials had brought him. "Holy writ," he

says, "never can be understood, except by experience and temptations." In the school of affliction Alexander Paterson was a frequent learner. Rarely did a few months elapse without a visitation of sickness, more or less severe. The effect was to keep him, as it were, continually looking "over the edge." "I doubt not," we find him writing to a companion in tribulation, "but the Lord has opened at times much of His love to your soul, in the present affliction. Blessed is that affliction which takes us off the creature and the creature's things, and leads us to cast ourselves wholly over upon the Lord Jesus Christ, the centre of all blessedness. My dear brother, though you pass through much tribulation, the kingdom is at the end. Were our eye strong enough to discern the love of our Father's heart, we would even sing in sorrow, yea, take pleasure in our distresses, and glorify God in the fires.

"Our affliction," he continues, "must be light; for Christ has engaged to support us

under it—'underneath are His everlasting arms.' We have not been left, and shall not be left, to go through any trial alone. The Lord Jesus is our sweet companion in tribulation. We suffer with Christ. Paul says, 'I fill up in my flesh that which is behind of the afflictions of Christ.' Since this affliction in your flesh is Christ's, fear not a glorious issue. If you are one of the sons of God, you shall be brought to glory, and you must be brought in conformity to the First-born of the family. Christ has gone before us, through tribulation and death, up to glory, taking the curse and bitterness out of our pains, and the sting out of our death; and now 'tis sweet following our Forerunner, who is for us entered into the presence of His and our Father."

## CHAPTER VIII.

### The Converted Infidels.

"YOUR husband, I understand, is very ill," he said, as he knocked at a door one day in Holyrood street, where he had heard that a professed infidel was very sick,—"I am anxious to see him."

Shutting the door with great violence, the woman hastened to a neighbor's house. Mr. Paterson, however, went in. The man he found in bed, reading the newspapers.

"What do you want?" said he, in a surly and somewhat sneering tone.

"You and I are strangers," replied Mr. Paterson, mildly, "but I hope we'll not be long so. I'm a missionary; and as I was just

going through the neighbors, I heard you were in distress, and I came in to see you."

"I don't want you," he said, gruffly.

"But I want *you*."

"And what d'ye want with me?"

"I want you to come to Jesus, the Saviour of sinners; and *He* wants you to come to Him. Let me tell you it's a serious thing to die."

"Oh! I've made up my mind to that; so you need say no more to me about it;" and, taking up the newspapers, he resumed his reading.

"What have you made up your mind to?"

"Oh! to die, to be sure; there's nothing for me but death."

"Well, but how is it to be with you after death? You know that after death comes the judgment?"

"Oh! I want no more of you. God is merciful, and I've no fear of Him damning me; He never made man to damn him."

"I know that; it is man that damns himself. The Lord says, 'You have destroyed yourself,'

and He adds, 'in me is your help.' 'Look to me,' says Jesus, 'and be ye saved.'"

"Oh! I've plenty of you; I want none of your talk."

Finding he could make nothing of him, he said "Will you allow me to pray for you?"

"Oh! if you like; I don't much care about your prayer."

The missionary prayed; but the moment he began, the man took up his paper and read. "I'll come back and see you," said Mr. Paterson, when he had finished praying. "You may if you like," rejoined the man; "but I don't care about your coming." And he went away.

He returned next week. The invalid's wife opened the door, and, as before, left the house when he entered.

"How are you to-day?" said the missionary, as he entered, and found the man again in bed at the newspapers.

"No better, and never will."

"Hadn't you better go to the Infirmary."

"Oh! I've been there already."

"Were you long there?"

"No, just a day; I didn't like it. There's no use about it; I'll never get better."

"Well, that may be, but it is right to use the means which God has put in our power, and to look up to Him for the blessing—"

"Oh! I see what you're to be at again," he said, hastily interrupting him—"religion."

"I want you to come to Christ Jesus the Saviour, who alone can save your precious soul."

"Oh! you needn't trouble yourself about that, I've no fear."

"Perhaps not; but I have great fear that you die out of Christ, in your sins, and then there is no salvation after death. Jesus came into the world to seek and to save sinners, even the chief."

"Do you think that *I* am the *chief* of sinners?"

"Do you think yourself a *sinner?*"

"Yes, but not the chief of them."

"Well, you say you're a sinner. Then you need a Saviour, you need salvation; and there is no other name given under heaven whereby you can be saved, but the name of Jesus. And I've to tell you that heaven is a holy place, and nothing that defileth, or worketh abomination, or maketh a lie, shall enter into heaven. Jesus hath said, 'Except a man be born again, he cannot enter into heaven.'"

"O! I've enough of that; I've made up my mind; you needn't say another word to me; I'll take my chance."

"Ah! my dear sir, there is no chance in the matter. Jesus says, 'Marvel not that I said unto you, You must be born again.' And what's more, Jesus hath said, 'Except ye repent, ye shall perish.' 'He that hath the Son hath life; but he that hath not the Son of God hath not life, but the wrath of God abideth on him.' Think, my friend, of this. Your soul is so precious, that nothing can redeem it but the blood of the Lamb. Jesus, at this moment, stands at the door of your heart, and is knock-

ing by His rod and word and Spirit, saying, 'If you hear my voice, and open the door, I will come in to you, and will sup with you, and you with me.' He is at the door of your heart, with a free, full pardon, ready to forgive you all your sins, willing to wash you in His own blood, and to clothe you with His righteousness, and to put you among the children." And he left the house.

The third visit was like the preceding: again the wife fled, and the man was at his newspaper.

"Well, have you been thinking about what I was saying?" inquired Mr. Paterson, after a question or two about his health.

"No, I haven't," he replied, angrily.

"I am grieved to think, my poor man, that you're dying, and yet unconcerned about an interest in Christ."

"I told you before that I had made up my mind, and so you needn't trouble yourself."

"I cannot do that, my friend; I'm greatly troubled about your state. Oh! if you would

lay down these papers and go to your Bible, you would see what you are as a sinner, and what you're exposed to. You're within a step of death and hell, where the mercy of God is not to be found. Now is the day of salvation. To-day if you will hear his voice, harden not your heart. Let me tell you, Satan has got hold of your heart, and he is blinding your eyes lest you should believe and be saved. Oh! hear the Lord saying, 'Incline your ear, and come to me; hear, and your soul shall live.'"

As he went on in this strain, setting forth Christ to him, the man laughed in his face. "Well, I'll pray for you," he said, "that the Lord may bring you to a sense of your state. Oh! that He would quicken you!" He prayed. All the time the man read the newspaper. Having finished praying, Mr. Paterson again left the house.

The next visit was the turning-point. As he entered, the wife was pressing past him as usual, to get away.

"Oh, don't go out," said the missionary, kindly, laying his hand upon her shoulder; "I'm sure it's from the best motives I come to see your husband. If I could do any good, either to his body or to his soul, I would willingly do it; just sit down." She sat down; and Mr. Paterson began to speak to her husband a little; but he found him as hard-hearted as ever.

"I'll pray for you once more," he said. And as he began, the poor man resumed his newspaper. But before he had prayed a few minutes, the paper fell from his hand. When the prayer was concluded, he was bathed in tears, and so also was his wife.

"Oh!" he said, with a faltering voice, and grasping the missionary by the hand, "will you come back and see me?"

"I will, with all my heart." And he left them both in tears.

"Come away, I'm glad to see you," was the joyful welcome of the dying man, as Mr. Paterson entered the next day, and found him poring over the Bible.

"I'm glad to see that book in your hands," said he; "what has led you to lay aside the newspaper and turn to that?"

"Oh, sir, it was your last prayer. I felt my heart melted; and ever since, I've felt myself to be in an awful state. Oh, what a sinner I've been! All that you've said of me as a sinner was true."

"Well I have said just what that blessed book says of myself, and of every one who is out of Christ. But Christ died for the chief of sinners; His blood was shed for you and for me. Hear what He says—'If we confess our sins, He is faithful and just to forgive us our sins, and to cleanse us from all unrighteousness.' And once the Lord forgives, He also forgets. Hear again what He says—'I will be merciful to their unrighteousness, and their sins and their iniquities will I remember no more;' and again, 'He will cast all your sins into the depths of the sea.'"

"But I feel as if the Lord would not receive me, the way I've been living. I had no con-

ception I was such a sinner as I am. The more I think of myself, and of the way I've spent my days, the more I wonder I'm out of hell. How had you such patience with me?"

"Surely I should have patience, when I think of the patience and long-suffering of my God—He waited long on me."

"Did He?"

"Yes, he waited, and called again and again upon me; but at length He made me willing in the day of His power. Believe on the Lord Jesus Christ, and *you* shall be saved. Just go to Him as a poor condemned sinner, and He will give you an instant pardon."

"Oh! do you think so?" he rejoined earnestly.

"Yes I do, because He says so. He says, 'Seek the Lord while He is to be found, call upon Him while He is near.' Now, at this very moment, He is near you by His word. Then He adds, 'Let the wicked forsake his way, and the unrighteous man his thoughts,

and let him return unto the Lord, and He will have mercy upon him; and to our God, for He will abundantly pardon.' Now, will you think upon these truths till I call again, for they are God's truths?"

The man took hold of him by the hand. "I can't let you go away," he said; "you will pray for me." He prayed.

"Oh! don't be long in coming back," he said, "I weary for your coming."

"Well, will you ponder what I've been saying? and remember, pray to God, that by His Spirit He would make you know these truths, and to feel their power."

"I will."

And with difficulty he got away.

"Well, how are you to-day?" asked Mr. Paterson, the next time he called.

"Much weaker, but much happier. I think I can now lay hold of Jesus as my only Saviour—I can trust on Him now. I can cast on Him all my sins. I believe that He died for ungodly me. Oh, these were precious

words you spoke to me of last. I've been looking at them, and praying over them."

"Are you suffering as much pain as you did?"

"Yes; but, d'ye know, I can bear it better now."

"Oh, sir," said his wife, "every time you come, he seems to get more patience and submission. D'ye know, he's just another man. He never prayed before, neither did I; but now he's often praying in the night, and also through the day."

"What do you think of Jesus now?" said the missionary, turning to the dying man.

"I'm sure I can say He is my Friend, my Saviour, my Redeemer, for He has redeemed my soul from sin. Yes, He has given me to hate it, and to love Him whom once I hated. Oh, that blessed book!" he added, taking up the Bible. "I once hated it, but now I love it; and its sweet promises, how they comfort me in my affliction! Blessed, sweet Jesus! None but Christ for me!"

"He lingered on," says Mr. Paterson, "in this blessed state of mind for several weeks, rejoicing in Christ. At intervals he fell into darkness, but it was only when he turned in upon himself. The moment he looked to the Saviour, he got light and peace."

Another infidel was found "sitting at the feet of Jesus, clothed and in his right mind." The case occurred at Wright's Houses, a village near Edinburgh, where, at the request of Mr. Douglas of Cavers, he, in 1840, had begun to hold a weekly meeting.

The meeting was held in the house of an old man and his wife, who had been unable to attend Church for several years. The first night the meeting was full, and it continued so for five years, when he was obliged to give it up. The average number was twenty-four. They were mostly women, very poor, who made their livelihood by washing and dressing clothes; but so very anxious were they to attend the meeting, that they rose an hour earlier that morning to be in time for it.

"Your labors," said a lady to him one morning, about three months after the meeting was begun, "have been very much blessed at that meeting."

"I did not know that," said Mr. Paterson, "I've seen no fruits of it as yet."

"I have seen the fruits of it," she said, "upon poor John Dick. I have visited him for fifteen years, and he was a confirmed infidel. Any time I called upon him, I found him reading infidel books; and he at all times treated me with the utmost contempt, scoffing in a manner which made me shudder whenever I mentioned the name of Jesus. Knowing the meeting was held in his house, I went in one day, and to my great surprise I found him reading the Bible."

"'John,' I said, 'what is this you are reading?'.

"'Oh! madam,' he replied, 'it is the Word of God—the Bible I've so long neglected and despised.'

"'What do you think now of Jesus?'

"'Oh, what a sinner I've been!' he exclaimed, bursting into tears.

"'What led you to look at the Bible?'

"''Twas that first night the meeting was here. I'll never forget that night. I got such a view of myself that my heart condemned me; and God, you know, is greater than my heart; He knoweth all things. What I heard about the carnal mind, that it was enmity against God and against Christ, and against His Word, and when I heard of the love of God to such sinners as me, and of the love of Jesus to die for such sinners as me—oh, when I heard all that, my hard heart was broken! Oh, I cannot think of Jesus but my heart melts!'"

From that time he read no more of the infidel books. Like the converts of Ephesus, he put them into the fire. The Bible became his daily delight and companion. Before, he had been a very discontented man—nothing which they could give him would please him; but now he became like a little child—he was contented with everything. He seemed to be

wholly a new creature; old habits were given up, all things became new.

At the time when this change took place, he was above seventy years of age. "You see," he used often to say, "what grace can do; it is by the grace of God I am what I am."

Our missionary never debated with infidels. His one weapon was the Word of God. That weapon was always ready, and he found it mighty, through God, to the pulling down of Satan's strongholds.

He had a happy way of disarming the hostility even of the most fiercely prejudiced. "I'll fight you," said a scoffer to him one day, whom his plain speaking had at a former visit greatly enraged. "Stop, then," replied the missionary good-humoredly, "stop till I get out my sword." He took his Bible from his pocket. "This," he added, "is my sword; I never fight with anything but this." The man was subdued in an instant, and began to listen most attentively to the Word.

## CHAPTER IX.

The Missionary's Home—Sanctified Affections—His Son—"Child of many Prayers"—Other Homes—Manse of Logie—The Savor of the Ointment—The Secret of his Usefulness—Christ's "Love Visits"—The Yorkshire Shoemaker—His Method with Souls—Mr. Paterson's Method—An Example—Urgent Dealing—A Test—The Success—Watching—The Furnace.

"I WILL walk within my house with a perfect heart." Such is the Bible's picture of a *Christian Home.* The reader may desire a glimpse into the home of our missionary. He was a man of warm affections; and these affections grace did not deaden, but sanctify and deepen.

"The Lord has taken a very deep interest in me and my family this winter," he writes on 8th April, 1848. "He laid His kind loving hand upon me, and kept it on me for six weeks. The doctor thought I was to go; but

my God thought otherwise, and lifted me up again. I was just two weeks out at my work, when He came with another love-visit, and laid His hand upon my son. It seemed as if He were to take him away from us. But oh, my dear brother, I must say I was most rebellious in this; I could not get my mind brought to part with him. Our dear minister was very kind; he came every day; and although it was one of the worst of fevers, he went in to him—he would not stay away from him. But, thanks be to our God, He has restored him. Oh, for grace to make us and ours meet for glory! How should everything else be undervalued and rejected, which would divert, retard, or hinder us from pursuing, till we obtain the crown!"

To his son, thus raised up, and afterwards appointed a teacher at Birr in Ireland, he writes on 6th December, 1848:—"You say in your welcome letter, which made all our hearts glad, that although your mother should not write you, she will not cease to pray for you.

Oh, that is true; you indeed have a kind, loving, praying mother, who will never cease to pray for you while she has a being. You are a child of many prayers. Surely I must forget myself, when I forget to pray for you who are so near and dear to me. May you be enabled to keep such a watch over all your thoughts, words, and actions, that His Spirit may delight to dwell in you! May you be enabled to come out of yourself, and to trust only in Christ for grace, and strength, and wisdom! Oh! see that you walk much with God."

And again, on 9th October, 1850,—"Oh, my dear son, it is to have daily communion with the Father and with the Son—it is a living for Christ—it is a dying to sin—it is a living in Christ—a living out of ourselves upon Him who is the bread of life—it is a coming, ever coming, to Him the living stone—it is the every day putting on Christ Jesus the Lord, and the making no provision to the fulfilling of the lusts of the flesh,—this is the life of a

believer in Christ. The Lord bless you, and keep you from the evil, and at last take you to glory!"

The same savor of Christ he carried with him into other homes. "His first visits to the Manse of Logie," says one of our informants, "were after a severe illness, when he was ordered to leave Edinburgh for a time to recruit his wasted strength. These visits were continued to the last year of his life, for a period of about twenty years. They were annually anticipated with ardent longing by the inmates of the manse. His whole demeanor was full of the meekness and gentleness of Christ. We all, as a family, valued him as our beloved friend, our comforter in affliction, our counsellor in difficulties, perplexities, and trials,—the sharer of our joys and sorrows. His very presence was soothing; in the time of trouble, it was not only sympathy which he bestowed, but something which healed and bound up the wounded heart."

What was it which gave this peculiar charm

to his presence? "When Jesus is present with us," we find him writing to one of the inmates of the manse, "He sweetens all." *There* is the secret. Walking day by day in His fellowship, he knew how

> "To blend with outward things,
> Whilst keeping at His side."

"I bless God," are some of his words to an afflicted member of that family, "for that comfortable entertainment which our dear Saviour gave you in the time of your sickness. Oh, blessed be God for the savor of His sweet ointments, which drew out your soul after Him! Blessed be God for His Almighty Spirit, which made you so eagerly desirous of the coming of Jesus Christ!"

And again:—"If any despise the good ways of the Lord and His work, I trust *we* can justify them by our own experience. Let us all labor after farther measures of grace—more holiness, faith, love, patience, meekness, that we may let all see that the Spirit of Christ is

in us of a truth. Oh for more intimate acquaintance and communion with God! The way of the Lord is said to be strength to the upright; and I am sure that the further we walk in it, the better we find it. I long to see you all; and when we meet, may Jesus be with us!"

And to the same friend:—"My soul was much refreshed, when I was under your roof. We should be very high in one another's affections. Yes, as the children of God, we should delight in the company of one another. God delights in the society of the saints; so should we. Yea, we should be ready to help one another, and to do one another good—to admonish one another, and exhort one another, and provoke one another to love and to good works. But what need of grace, to do this in the spirit of Christ!"

Every house which he was in the habit of frequenting, he filled with a like savor of the ointment. "I hope," he writes to another friend, "that Jesus has given you many a love-

visit. He sometimes shuts up His people in affliction, just in order that He may have a little more of their company. I trust that you can say He has come in to you and spoken to your heart words of comfort, and that He has made the sun of righteousness to shine in upon your soul. When the natural sun shines upon this earth, all the stars disappear; so when the Lord Jesus Christ comes in to our souls, the things of time lose their hold of our hearts, —we can say, 'What have I to do any more with idols? Christ is all in all.'"

To another fellow-pilgrim he writes:— "Having heard that you are yet on this side glory, travelling through the wilderness, it is on my heart to have a little talk with you by the way; but by reason of distance, paper-converse is all that can be attained. A weary traveller may be glad to embrace the rock for a shelter, and sit down under its shade for awhile, to protect him from the scorching sun; but if he sit there long, he may starve and die for want of sustenance. It is not so with him

who sits down under the rock—Christ. No, wherever Christ is a rock for defence, He is also a fountain, a store-house for supply. To the soul that has the munition of rocks for its defence, bread, the bread of life, shall be given, and its waters of consolation shall be sure. I hope your brother is casting a longing eye to Jesus? May Jesus look upon him, and draw his heart to himself! I wish you may be blessed with a growing communion with Christ, an increasing conformity to Him, and a rich increase of all grace unto all glory. I desire your prayers for us. Remember the Thursdays. I rest yours in Christ forever."

It is recorded of a Yorkshire shoemaker, that, after his own conversion, he was known to have been honored of God to bring to Christ not fewer than a hundred souls. His method was peculiar. He selected a particular neighbor or friend; he concentrated upon him his special prayers, and anxieties, and urgencies; and he did not rest until either the Lord gave him that soul, or the door was manifestly shut.

Similar was the method of our missionary. Whilst sowing his seed beside all waters, he was ever watching for some individual soul as intently as if his one business in the world were that soul's conversion or growth in grace. And nowhere were his appliances more earnestly put forth, than in the circle of his immediate relatives or friends. We select a single example.

"Ask your own soul," he writes to a nephew in Fife, "'have I believed on the Lord Jesus Christ?' for, in believing, you have life through His name, even life eternal. And if you have believed on Him, you will no longer live in the indulgence of sin. If we live in sin, we live in unbelief. There are many who live in unbelief, and are admired by their fellow-men; but, when weighed in the balance, they shall be found wanting. There are many who call Christ Lord, whose works will testify, in that day, that they were not led by His Spirit, and consequently were none of His. He will say to such, 'I never knew you; de-

part, ye cursed, into everlasting fire, prepared for the devil and his angels.' *Then* those who have been able to impose either on themselves or on their fellow-creatures, by a specious yet barren profession, will find that God is not mocked,—the secrets of their hearts will be laid open, and the tree will be made known by its fruits.

"You must stand," he continues in the same letter, "before the Judge of the quick and the dead. What can possibly support you in that day? Only the power and friendship of the Saviour. And how is your mind now affected towards him? Have you taken refuge under the shadow of His wings? Is His blood your only plea? Have you no confidence in the flesh, and are you counting all things but loss for the excellency of the knowledge of Jesus Christ? Are you denying yourself, taking up your cross and following Jesus? Are you, through the supply of His Spirit, mortifying the deeds of the body, and yielding obedience to His commandments?"

Again he writes,—"You stated in your last letter what you believed in. Your faith in these things is just what thousands have; and yet their faith has less influence upon their life and conversation than many who are in hell. We see many who have a name to live, and yet are dead,—who have a form of godliness, yet deny its power. I do not say this to discourage you, but to make you jealous of your own self. If you are in Christ Jesus, you will be dead to sin, but alive unto God,—though sin will not be dead in you. A sinner out of Christ is all on the side of sin; he is dead while he lives, and is apt to say, 'Peace, peace,' while God says, 'there is no peace.' Ask these short questions, whereby to know whether your heart be truly changed:—

"1. Hath thine heart been turned into sorrow for sin?

"2. Hath thy sorrow been turned into prayer?

"3. Hath thy prayer been turned into faith?

"4. Hath thy faith issued in universal tenderness and obedience?

"To those that believe,—

"(1.) Christ is precious.

"(2.) The word of Jesus is sweet. It was so to Job and David; so will it be to you.

"(3.) Sin is bitter. It was so to Peter.

"(4.) Prayer is delightful. It was so to David; so will it be to you.

"(5.) Saints are dear; because they are the children of the same Father, they love one another. No sooner had Paul heard of any one soul believing on the Lord Jesus Christ, than he said, 'I cease not to make mention of him in my prayers.'

"(6.) Religion is their business; and unless it be so, it goes for nothing.

"(7.) The world was once their idol; but now it is a broken idol."

And six months later—"How is your soul prospering? Are you hearkening to Christ's voice? You may say, 'what is that?' I will tell you. His voice to you is, 'Open the door

of your heart, and I will come in!' And when He comes into your heart, He will bring all the benefits of His purchase with Him, to entertain and feast your soul. He brings pardon, and peace, and light, and life, and grace, and glory. Yes, He that is the King of Glory, and the Friend of sinners, will come in to enlighten your soul; for the soul is a dark dungeon, while Christ is shut out. He will come in, to adorn and enrich the soul with the ornaments and treasures of His grace. He will come in, to reign in the soul, and will put down the tyrant that hath so long oppressed you. And when He has come into your soul, there will be fellowship betwixt Jesus and you—fellowship in eating and drinking with one another.

"So, if you open," he proceeds, "the door of your heart to the Lord Jesus Christ, He will sup with you; and oh, how rare are Christ's dainties! His hidden manna, the fruits of the tree of life, the grapes of Canaan, the bread that comes down from heaven! Oh, how excellent is the water of life! one drop of it

would be an everlasting spring in thy soul, which would keep thee from thirsting after the creature any more. Oh, what a rich feast are the graces of the Spirit, quickened to a lively exercise! What a blessed feast is pardon of sin, and peace with God, and peace with the law, and interest in Christ Jesus and in all His saving blessings!

"Oh, my dear sir, cast yourself down at the foot of the cross. Are you so convinced and humbled by the sight of your misery, as to be content with freedom from it on any terms? Are you well pleased with the new covenant, and the self-denying way of saving sinners by Christ's imputed righteousness? Have you given up yourself to the Lord, to live for Him,—desirous that His love may always constrain you to do His will?"

Putting the urgent dealing in another form, he writes—"Choose God, my dear friend, for your portion; remember, the soul which was made for God can find no happiness but in God. 'Arise, for this is not your rest.' Let

the sinfulness of your nature be your greatest burden. Have you taken Jesus for your only Lord? Are you resolved to be His for time and for eternity? Are you willing to give up all for Him, and to follow the Lamb whithersoever He goeth?"

The importunate urgency was not in vain. "You said," we find him writing afterwards, "that you were a brand plucked out of the fire. Oh! I am glad to think that you are now cleaving to the Lord. Oh, be for Him and not for another; and be resolved that whatsoever others may do or say, you will be for the Lord. Give yourself to the conduct of God's Spirit, depending upon Him at all times for direction and through-bearing. And see that you also make choice of the fearers of the Lord for your companions, and that you follow them no further than they follow Christ. If any man or any woman would draw you away from Christ, forsake their company, be they who they will."

Watching over the growth of the tender

plant, he again writes,—"Are you bringing forth fruit? And is this fruit 'holiness to the Lord?' Do you walk with God? Is Christ your life? Do you live for Christ, think for Christ, speak for Christ, act for Christ? I am glad that you have become a Sabbath-school teacher. This a most important work. Oh that the Lord would teach you by His Spirit, so that you may teach others! And mind your daily deportment in the world, lest you cast a stumbling-block in the way of others."

And, stimulating him to earnest contending, as well as gently warning him, he says:—"Oh, sin, cursed sin, and vile world, and flesh, which take our hearts off from God and the Lamb, and heaven and glory, and which delude and bewitch us and thousands, that we will not live for God and for Jesus Christ, even for Him who died for us! and that we have such hearts within us that we love the creature more than we love God! And how prone are we to think ourselves to be something, when we are nothing! And why," he proceeds, "is

all this? Just because we do not, by faith, see the Father and the Son. There is many a poor soul that has a humbling sense of its exceeding sinfulness, but there it stops mourning and chattering like a crane or a swallow. Oh! let us not stand still looking within; for there is nothing but sin and corruption in our souls. We are called to look out of ourselves to Christ. He says—'Behold me, behold me,' and, 'Look unto me, even all the ends of the earth, and be ye saved.' We must do as the poor leper did—go to Christ; and He will save us with an everlasting salvation. Oh my dear Christian friend, let us not be content with receiving grace: we must grow in grace, and we must bring forth fruit unto God; and that fruit must be unto holiness; then shall our end be everlasting life."

Some years later, we find him still watching over that soul. "Are you growing in heavenly-mindedness?" he writes. Are you growing in heart-holiness? Are you loving the world less, and loving God more, and the

Lord Jesus Christ more, and the Word more? Are you living upon Jesus and His Word? Never be ashamed, my young friend, to confess a crucified Christ. The heart that is divided in its affections, can have no true peace, no communion or fellowship with the holy Jesus. If we have tasted that He is gracious, and have felt His love in our souls, and now find that He is withdrawn, and that a cloud overspreads our hearts, I believe we shall find, on a strict search into them, that we are fallen from our steadfastness—that we have admitted some rival of His in into our hearts. Therefore, under desertion, we ought to search our hearts diligently, and to be earnest with God to show us our hidden sins—never taking any rest to ourselves under the hidings of His face, but seeking Him with earnest and restless desires, until we find the consolation of His Holy Spirit return into our souls."

And again, in 1848,—"Oh, what want of living for Him who died for us! When we look around us among those who profess to be

the Lord's, how few do we find to be wholly on the Lord's side. Iniquity doth abound, and the love of many waxes cold. Oh, my dear friend, let us live upon Christ, upon His righteousness, yea, upon His blood. Let us go up all the way through this world, leaning upon Christ our Beloved. Let us see that we are amongst the broken-hearted, who are heartily grieved for all known sin."

And once more,—"Give glory to God. He has been at work with you—He has had you in the furnace for the purpose that you might be refined. He hath said that many shall be purified, and made white, and tried. And mark how He is to do it,—'I will, saith the Lord, bring the third part through the fire.' You see He does not send them, He brings them. 'And I will refine them as silver is refined, and will try them as gold is tried.' Now, observe what the Lord says they will do. 'They shall call on my name, and I will hear them. I will say, It is my people; and they shall say, The Lord is my God.' Are you dis-

posed from the heart to call upon the Lord? and by faith can you say from the heart, 'Thou art my God?' Seek to be filled with the Spirit; for God the Holy Ghost, dwelling in you, can alone enable you to be holy. Is Christ as precious now as when the hand of God was on you? As long as you are in the world, you will need to wash your feet. Come death when it will, let it find you at the fountain, always looking to, and making use of Jesus Christ."

# CHAPTER X.

The Pharisee—The "Good Heart"—"A Quiet Neighbor"—The Awakening—A Living Epistle—The Blind Schoolmaster—"Light in the Lord"—The Hovel—"A Father to me"—Tact in Admonition—Another Sheaf.

"EVERY man," it has been said, "is born a Pharisee." Our missionary had a singular skill in laying bare the Pharisee's self-righteousness.

"You know," said he one day to a woman he was visiting, who had been for some time confined to bed, and was now very weak, "we are by nature dead in sin, we are lying under the curse of a broken law, we are children of wrath, children of disobedience, living without God. This," he added, "is a sad state to live in, and a still more sad state to die in."

"What!" she replied, in a tone not un-

mixed with anger; "I am a member of Mr. B.'s church: he does not think me so bad as you do, or he would not have admitted me to the Lord's Table. I have a good heart," she went on to say with not a little complacency; "I do nobody any harm, every one of my neighbors will tell you that; I'm a very quiet woman, and my husband and I go to church when we're able. What more would you have?"

"Well, then, I'll tell you,—with regard to your good heart, your thinking so is just a proof that you don't know your heart. Do you know what the Word of God says about your heart?"

"No, I don't remember."

"I'll tell you. It says, 'The heart is deceitful above all things, and desperately wicked.' And again, 'I, the Lord, search the heart, I try the reins, even to give every man according to his doings, and according to the fruit of his ways.' And one more, 'The heart is filled with all unrighteousness,' and 'all un-

righteousness is sin.' Such is your heart, and such is mine. Every man's and every woman's heart is brim-full of sin ; and out of that heart proceed evil thoughts, murders, and every wickedness. If the Lord were not restraining us, we should not be so quiet and good neighbors. And besides, we may be quiet and good neighbors, and yet be shut out of heaven. Will you think upon that," he added, as he turned about to go away, " till I come back and see you ?"

" Yes, and thank you for what you've said to me. Don't be long of coming back."

He visited her week after week, finding her always willing to see him, but not much concerned about her soul ; indeed apparently much at ease.

" You are now greatly better," he said to her one day ; " you may come to the meeting." Having asked where it was, she promised to attend.

It was on a Sabbath evening, and the missionary was speaking on Isaiah lv. 1-3. Both

she and her husband were there. A short while afterwards he called at the house. The moment he entered, she took him by the hand and wept.

"What's the matter?" he inquired.

"Oh," she said, "they are tears of joy. I'm now in a new world, since that night John and I came to the meeting. 'Twas indeed a blessed night.

"Whenever we came out," she proceeded, "he said to me, 'Did you tell Mr. Paterson about us?' 'No,' I said, 'I did not.' 'Are you sure?' he again asked me, 'for he knows all about how I've been living.' After we got home, he was awfully cast down—the tears were running down his cheeks. 'Oh! John,' I said, 'what's wrong?' He cried out, 'I've never felt as I do this night; you heard how we've been living—without prayer; and we were told that those who live without prayer, are living without God and without hope. We heard, too, what an awful thing it will be to die in that state, and that we may be

going to the Church and to the Lord's Table, and yet be dead in sin.' It's a new world to us now entirely. John," she added, "says he would like so much if you would come up some night when he is in, and see him."

He accordingly called one evening, and found John at his Bible.

"I'm glad to find you at that blessed book," he said.

"Oh yes," he replied, "it is all my delight now."

"It hasn't been so always, I fear?"

"No, I'm sorry to say; but now I feel it to be all my delight. My house is now a house of prayer. Oh! for grace from the God of all grace, that I may serve Him without fear, in righteousness and holiness all the days of my life."

For more than two years he continued to live in the district, walking steadfastly in the faith, and bringing one after another to the meeting where he himself had been brought to the Lord.

At the end of that period they went to settle in Australia. "I'm truly sorry to part with you," said Mr. Paterson, when they were about to set out. "Yes," he replied, "we are sorry to the heart,—more so than to part even with my brothers and sisters; but oh, what a blessing that I have now Christ Jesus in my heart by His Spirit! Oh! His name is sweet to me. He has saved me and my dear wife from our sins. We'll never forget you, and I'm sure we shall have an interest in your prayers."

We select another example of the same class. One day he met, in a lodging-house which he was visiting, an old man, a schoolmaster, who had come in from the country to consult the doctors about his sight. The man was in great anxiety, being afraid he should lose the use of his eyes. Mr. Paterson inquired kindly about his trouble, and then asked how it was with his soul.

With all the stiff formality of a true pedant, and apparently wondering that such a question should be put to a man like him, he said,

"I have been a sober man, and have given myself up to my calling; no man can say anything against me; *I* have nothing to fear."

"All that may be true," said the missionary, "but do you remember what the Lord Jesus said to one of old, 'Except a man be born again, he cannot see the kingdom of God?' That is a great change. It is a passing from death to life, from darkness to light, from the power of Satan to the power of God."

He then prayed. "When I had concluded," writes Mr. Paterson, "he took me by the hand, and pressed it. All that he could say was, 'I hope you will come back.'"

Two days afterwards he returned. "Oh, come away," he exclaimed, as they told him it was the missionary, "I have been longing to see you."

"Well, have you been thinking about what I said to you?"

"Oh! yes," he replied in a tone of great anxiety; "and I have found that I am not yet 'born again.' What am I to do?"

"Go to Jesus, He will receive you: He can work this great work in you, and upon you."

"You will be glad to hear," says Mr. Paterson, writing about him to Mr. Edie, a few days after this interview, "that the work of the Spirit has made its appearance. He has not only been made to feel himself a sinner, but he has been enabled to believe on the Lord Jesus. He says, 'I came here a dead sinner, but now I am alive in Christ Jesus; I came in darkness, but now I am light in the Lord.' He is quite willing to return home without his bodily sight, if it is the Lord's will to withhold it. He is brought to lie passive in God's hand.

"Oh! this is the work of the Lord," adds the missionary, "not mine. It is humbling to me when I think that He makes me—unworthy me—an instrument in His hand to lead a soul to Him. I know that this will cause joy of heart to you, to hear of a sinner drawn to Christ. Oh! it is Himself that has done it."

We have spoken of his tact in handling the Word of God, so as to disarm the hostility of

the most profane. He had other methods of winning a way for his message to the people's hearts.

One day he found in a wretched hovel, a woman dying of want. She was lying alone, no one caring for her. He got some fuel, kindled a fire with his own hands, and prepared some warm food which revived her. He then set about providing for her some permanent means of livelihood. This kindness secured for him a lasting hold upon the poor woman's heart, and opened a door for his ministrations to her soul.

This was no solitary instance. So thoroughly did he enter into all the circumstances of the individuals or families he visited, that they looked upon him as a father, and told him all that concerned them. Even after they had left the Canongate, many of them used to send for him from the most distant parts of the city,—such was their confidence in his warmth of heart and in his shrewd, sagacious counsel. Often, after returning late at night from a day

of arduous labor, he found that several had called or sent for him. However fatigued, he at once set out, sometimes even during the middle of the night. In the whole course of his missionary life, he never was known to have refused one such call. Not unfrequently, when prostrated under severe sickness, he rose from his bed to address a meeting or to visit a case of distress, and returned again to bed.

The effect of his kindly mode of address was often very striking.

There had come into the district a Mr. T——, a man strictly moral, but much prejudiced against whatever was spiritual, and especially against ministers and missionaries. Mr. Paterson visited the family, and met with a warm reception from Mrs. T., but did not see her husband who was out at work. After several visits, he found him one day at home sick. He had heard from his wife how highly the family prized the missionary's visits, and he consented to see him. Mr. Paterson con-

versed with him, and then prayed, praying as if his sickness might be unto death.

"That is a man I very much like," said he to his wife, after Mr. Paterson had left; "he is what a missionary ought to be," alluding, in contrast, to two other missionaries who once had visited in the house, and whose forbidding manner had induced him to resolve he never should see another.

The sickness was a lingering one. Mr. Paterson's visits were often repeated, and were more and more prized. The Lord wrought by him in the soul of the invalid, so that he grew rapidly in grace.

An incident occurred one day, illustrating both what grace had wrought in the man, and also the missionary's gentle yet firm manner in correcting what was amiss. Mr. T—— had naturally a very quick, impatient temper; so much so, that it was a thing marked by all the neighbors, as well as by those with whom he associated at his work; and especially people noticed the very cutting and sharp manner in

which he spoke to his wife, a woman singularly amiable and gentle. He happened that day to require something from her. She was procuring it for him,—but as he thought too slowly. His impatience broke out in some very hard words, and in still harder looks.

"Have patience, my man," said Mr. Paterson who was sitting beside him; "I'm sure you see your wife is doing all she can to serve you."

"I never new a woman like you," were the man's words to his wife, after Mr. Paterson had left. "I'm sure," she replied, thinking it was some new complaint against her, "I do all I can to make you comfortable." "It isn't *that* I mean," rejoined the husband; "it's a strange thing you should have borne so long with my temper. I am perfectly ashamed of myself. Oh, do forgive me!"

The missionary's kind and simple admonition had gone to his heart. His temper daily became more subdued, till at length it was entirely overcome.

And whence this his so singular power? "He was a man of strong faith," says the Rev. Mr. Gregory, in whose congregation he was for some years an elder. "Such was his confidence in the promise and grace of God, that he never despaired of any. This animated all his labors with a spirit of remarkable hopefulness, and surrounded him with a sunny cheerfulness which could not fail to shed some of its radiance on the objects of his Christian solicitude."

Some time afterwards, the eldest son of the family above alluded to was awakened to a sense of his lost state as a sinner. His parents saw there was something wrong; for his appetite left him, he became emaciated, and he slept little. One night his mother heard him groaning, and, coming into the room, found him much agitated. In arranging the bedclothes, she noticed a bible. For the first time she began to suspect the true nature of her son's complaint. Next morning she sent for Mr. Paterson. He visited him frequently; and the young man took every opportunity of

calling on Mr. Paterson. At length, light arose in the darkness. He became a zealous and devoted Christian, holding prayer-meetings, distributing tracts, and spending and being spent for Christ.

# CHAPTER XI.

The "Trysting-Tree" Revisited—Christian and Hopeful—Communings—Deprivations—Dr. Chalmers A New Convert—The Canongate—Mr. Edie—Bereavement—Letter from Dr. Chalmers—"Praise now"—Inward Darkness—Death of Dr. Chalmers—The Christian's Hope—Kilmany.

THE reader will remember the scene beneath the "trysting-tree" in Kilmany. "A few years ago," says the biographer of Chalmers, "the two brothers, at Mr. Edie's suggestion, revisited the spot, and offered up their joint-thanksgivings to that God who had kept them by His grace, and, in their separate spheres, had honored each of them with usefulness in the Church." Like "Christian" and "Hopeful," they were by-and-bye to enter together the "celestial city." We cannot better indicate the story of our missionary's few remaining years, than by joining the brothers in their way and listening to their converse.

"It was our Communion last Sabbath," he writes to Mr. Edie, on March 2, 1841, "and I think I never felt my soul more drawn forth to Jesus, and away from myself and every creature. And oh, if communion on earth be so sweet, what must it be in Heaven, where there is no wandering heart, and no tempting devil, and no ensnaring world! And this sweet communion was not at the table only, but throughout the day. Although the enemy came in upon me like a flood, so that I slept none all night, yet Jesus was still with me of a truth. If ever you and I meet on earth, I will have much to tell you. This has been a wonderful season, for at least four months. I think I never have seen so much of the Lord's marvellous love and kindness."

And again:—"I know that you have had many sweet feasts with your Beloved in this wilderness; but the richest and the best wine is reserved till the last. And the marriage supper hastens. Oh, how little have we seen of Christ! There is enough in Him to fill

men and angels with new wonder to all eternity. Christ's riches are absolutely unsearchable—a mine which we can never bottom. We shall see more and more of His glory as we pass on towards perfection.

"And oh, the wonderful grace," he continues, "which is to be brought unto us at our Lord's next appearing! The views of His glory which we have had here, though true and real, yet are so small, that it will be as if we had never seen Him, and as if He was but then revealed to us. We shall be so ravished with His glory, that we shall never be able to lose sight of His bright face forever. Oh! there is nothing worth living for here, if we live not for Christ and to Christ."

In another letter he writes:—"Although absent in body from you, I am often with you in spirit. Distance cannot prevent this. I can enter into your own dwelling, and sit side by side with you; and I can, though far distant, bear you with delight on my heart at a throne of grace, but looking forward to that time

when distance shall be unknown—when we, with the whole family of the redeemed, shall be gathered to our Father's house, and the Lamb Himself shall be in the midst of the whole family, and every eye shall be upon Him, every heart love, and every tongue praise. Oh, the comfort that every heart will be one and the song will be one! This is wanting here below among those who profess to be the Lord's. What a promise is that—'I will give you one heart and one way!' The closer the saints follow Christ, the sweeter their fellowship is with the Father and the Son, and the sweeter their fellowship one with another."

And again:—"I called on Dr. Chalmers and told him of your father's death. He seemed to feel much. He asked what state of mind he was in. I told him of the last meeting I had with him at Kilmany; when he heard what I said, the tears ran down his face, and he said that nothing could have given him more comfort."

In the same letter, he adverts to his labors:

—"The Lord is still giving me much countenance, and much testimony to the word of His own grace, both in my private visits and also in my meetings. He has inclined many to come and hear the simple Word. Many have been brought to feel its power, so that they have given themselves to the Lord. Some who, just after I came here, were brought to the Lord Jesus, and who for ten years have continued close to Christ, have this winter died in a most heavenly frame of mind, rejoicing in Christ."

He then notes a case, not in his district:—"A lady in G—— Square sent for me lately. I found her in great distress. She was looking in to herself for love to Jesus, and she found none. I told her that that was not where she should look, and that, as long as she looked in to herself, she never would get lasting comfort. I told her she must look to Christ. Well, I am glad to say that the Lord has led her to Christ; and life, and light, and peace are felt and even seen to be in her."

A month later, he again writes:—"The surest experience, my dear brother, of the world's emptiness arises from a taste of Christ's fulness. Though there be nothing but disappointments in the world to them that make it their idol, yet it will be slavishly pursued and craved after by them, because they know no better things. The infatuated idolater hath not the sense to say within himself, 'Is there not a lie in my right hand?' Oh, my dear brother, what is this world without Christ—what would Heaven be without Christ? It would be no Heaven at all. And what would our souls be without Christ?—nothing but hell. If Christ is in us of a truth, then heaven is within us. The Lord put and keep your heart and mine in a praising frame! How well does this spirit become those who of sinners are made saints—of enemies, children—of slaves, heirs! Come, my dear brother, and let us provoke one another to love. I was greatly refreshed with your last visit. I bless God for the spiritual benefit and

comfort of your acquaintance for these many years. Let us be diligent, that we may be found of Him in peace, without spot before Him in love; and then we shall meet at one table, never more to part."

Mr. Edie writes to his friend thus:—"Every day I experience much of the goodness of God my Saviour—His faithfulness and my own unfaithfulness; and the longer I live, I desire to feel more deeply convinced of the utter worthlessness and vanity of mere worldly pursuits, in comparison of the grand and momentous interests of ETERNITY. I long to see you—delay not to come over."

And his friend replies:—"When we meet with crosses and wrongs, unfaithfulness and contempt, and hatred, and persecution from men, need we wonder? We were never told by God it would be otherwise here. Did we look for less from creatures and expect more from God—did we reckon this world to be a state of trial and not a state of rest and satisfaction, our faith and desires would be stronger

with respect to God and Heaven. . . . With respect to my work, some can date the night when the word came home with power to their souls. There are two women who have the first Monday of August marked down. The words I spoke upon that night were, 'Unto you is the word of this salvation sent.' They were both inclined to receive salvation. One of these women is dying, but in peace with God through the Lord Jesus Christ. She was in good health at the time she heard the Word; she says that night will be matter of praise to her through time and eternity."

Having entered on a new farm near the Bridge of Earn, Mr. Edie writes:—"I have abundant reason for thanksgiving to my God, who has in a very remarkable manner strengthened me both in body and in mind for the harassing and hard-driving employments of the last two months. I have five men and ten horses constantly at work. Amid all this outward bustle, I never experienced a calmer or sweeter reliance on the Divine Providence and

guidance. However, I have much need of your prayers, that, while my hands are busily engaged with the farm and the merchandise, my heart be not dragged after them too. Do let me hear from you immediately. Let Lady Grace know that God has been pleased to choose an inheritance for us."

"I am glad to hear," his friend writes in reply, "that you have sweet communion with your God and Saviour, notwithstanding these worldly concerns, which must be attended to and which must engross your mind much. We have great need to be much at our Father's throne, asking His blessed Spirit to enable us to act for His glory in all that we do. The closer we walk with our God and the Lamb here, the more peace and gladness we shall enjoy. It is just a foretaste of Heaven to be in communion with our God; and there can be no communion with God away from our dear Saviour."

A new bereavement fell upon Mr. Edie, and his friend again writes:—"My heart melts for

you and dear Mrs. Edie. I can enter into your deep sorrow at this stroke. The Lord has touched you in your tender part. He has taken away one of your dear little ones; but I trust that He has taken him home to Himself. Oh, my dear friend, is there not a voice in God's providence as well as in His word? And is not this the language of your affliction, 'Trust not in riches, trust not in friends, trust not in anything beneath the Eternal God; for if you or I do, they will prove a broken reed, and will fail us when we have the most need.' Has God cut off the little stream? Oh, then, flee to the Fountain."

Another heart poured out its tender sympathy. Dr. Chalmers writes:—

"*Burntisland, September* 30, 1841.

"My Dear Sir,—I grieve to hear of your family disasters; while I take it very kind thus to domesticate me by communicating to me your sorrows and trials.

"It is my earnest prayer that He who, for

His own wise and holy purpose, has thus seen meet to exercise you, may sanctify and bless His own visitations. I have often thought of John, xv. 2, as a verse eminently applicable to those who are afflicted as you at present are. Our Heavenly Father, the great Spiritual Husbandman, purgeth (pruneth) the branches which He means to spare and make fruitful. This He often does by dissevering from us the objects of our affections here below, and for the very purpose that the current of our affections should take a more healthful and heavenward direction towards Himself.

"May this be the blessed effect on you and yours of the melancholy bereavement under which you now suffer. May it withdraw your affections from a world the nearest and dearest objects of which may be so speedily withdrawn from us, and carry forward our affections to that enduring world where sin and death are alike unknown.

"Give my best sympathies and regards to Mrs. Edie; and with earnest supplication that

God may spare you any further trial, or make good His own promise that He will not suffer you to be tried beyond what you are able to bear,—I ever am, my dear sir, yours very truly, "THOMAS CHALMERS.

"Mr. Robert Edie."

"It is the pleasure of the Lord, your Father," writes Mr. Paterson, pouring new balm into the wounded spirit, "to lay upon your family His chastening hand; but since this very chastening flows from the boundless love of His heart, and was determined by His infinite wisdom for His own glory and your good, receive it with *thankfulness.* I am sure you will bless God for it even here, but more so when you come to Heaven and see how needful it was for you to pass *this* way—through this affliction—to glory. Therefore begin the work of praise *now.*"

His watchful eye lost sight of none of his fellow-pilgrims. Jealous over them with a godly jealousy, he was ever seeking to stimu-

late them on their way. "Let me, in the bowels of Jesus Christ, beseech you," we find him writing to a friend, "by all the love and grace which have been displayed in your salvation, that you walk worthy of the vocation wherewith you are called. Oh, my dear brother, what did free grace and boundless mercy do for us, in that day when the Lord passed by us, and saw us in our blood, dead in sins, and said unto us, 'Live!' Surely that time was a time of love! What sins did free grace forgive! what provocations did it pass by! and how thoroughly did it wash, purify, and beautify our souls! We have given ourselves to the Lord to be His, and have opened our mouth to the Lord; therefore we cannot go back.

"Yet there is in me an heart of unbelief," he continues, "and this would lead me to go back. Oh, what a soul-destroying thing sin is! Every sin is a step taken back towards that nature's darkness and bondage from which free grace, boundless mercy, and almighty

power set us free; 'tis making a captain to return into Egypt, loathing the heavenly manna, and longing after the flesh-pots, the onions, and garlic—the abominable fare we once fed on while in the kingdom of Satan. Oh, how it brings death upon our comforts, fruitfulness, and usefulness in the world! By sin we lose our opportunities of glorifying God upon the earth, and so, that praise, honor, and glory which we should otherwise receive in the day of Christ. My dear brother, you will agree with me that sin brings us into darkness, and not into light. But I trust, though I thus speak, that you have had and have many sweet feasts with your Beloved."

To another fellow pilgrim, "in great darkness of soul," he writes thus:—"Is it sin that occasions darkness? What sin is it? Outward sin of any kind? Is it on this account He is departed from you, and that joy and peace are departed with Him? How can you expect Him to return till you have put away the accursed thing?

"But perhaps," he proceeds, "you are not conscious of even one outward sin. Is there no inward sin springing up in your heart, as a root of bitterness, to trouble you? Has not the foot of pride come against you? Have you not gloried in anything save in the cross of Christ? Have you not sought after or desired the praise of men? Oh, how apt are we to do so! And what dryness and barrenness of soul is the result! If you have at any time fallen by pride, humble yourself under the mighty hand of God. Be not deceived; God is not mocked. He will not dwell in a divided heart. So long as you cherish Delliah in your bosom, it is vain to hope for a recovery of light and peace. Pluck out the right eye—sin, and cast it from you. Stir yourself up before the Lord. Arise and shake yourself from the dust. Watch, wake out of sleep, and keep awake; otherwise there is nothing to be expected but that you will be alienated more from the light and life of God."

"I never," writes Mr. Edie, on 14th August,

1844, "had a greater longing to see you and to converse with you about our gracious Saviour and the great salvation. And I hope you will be able to suggest some plan by which that may be brought about, if not before harvest, at least as soon thereafter as may be. In the meantime, let us remember one another daily at a throne of grace. I plainly see that the urgency of this world's business has a constant tendency to displace Christ my Lord and my God from this vain and deceitful heart; yet I know in whom I have believed, and am persuaded that He will keep that which I have committed to Him against that day. *He hath said*, 'I will never leave you nor forsake you.' And, indeed, I feel that in all this wide and heaving deluge of human affairs, my poor wandering soul can find no rest for the sole of her foot, till she return to the ark of the covenant.

"I feel," he adds, "that I stand greatly in need of your prayers, especially as an elder with an appointed district to superintend.

May the Lord help me and give me grace to be faithful and useful in this small corner of His vineyard. Yesterday evening I got over nearly all the families for the first time, and certainly met with a very encouraging reception. Oh! that the Lord would be pleased to make this newly-awakened interest in Divine things, [he refers to the Free Church,] issue in the conversion of multitudes throughout the land!"

A year later, we have a glimpse into the missionary's field. "I have, like yourself, been very busy," he writes to Mr. Edie, on 26th September, 1845, "not reaping, but casting the seed of the Word forth among poor sinners. Oh, that the Lord Himself would make it take root and bring forth a harvest! I think there is some fruit. There are many poor sinners coming out to hear the Word at my meetings, more than there have been for many months. Indeed, when I was in Fife, although I had got some students to take my meetings, the Sabbath meeting, when I came

back, was so fallen off that the door was shut. I think, when I left it, there were about eighty. And now it is so full that there is no room to hold them. There have been about three hundred souls at my meetings this week, and I have visited eighty families in their own houses. I find myself much worn out; but I have great comfort in my work, and many of them are under concern of soul."

"Lady Grace Douglas's man-servant," we find him saying in another letter, "has been confined to his bed for eighteen months. I visit him at Morningside three times a week. The Lord has blessed my poor labors, so that his eyes are opened to see himself a lost sinner. Now he cannot hear too much of the Lord Jesus Christ. The change is so great that it is visible to all. He delights much in Christ."

It was not to exalt himself that he thus narrated his success. He had been too long in the Lord's furnace to be a self-glorifying man. "He is one," we find him saying to a friend,

about Mr. Edie, "who lives near the Lord. Oh! I am far behind. It is a wonder that the Lord has spared me so long for so little purpose." And to another:—"It really gladdens my heart at the thought of our Heavenly Father putting it into the hearts of His children to think upon one another, and upon me who am not worthy to be thought upon, either by my Father, or by any of the children of the family." And again:—"I have great comfort in visiting her ladyship.* We always get up spiritual matters; and she is so very humble; and what a proof of it that she should deign to converse with a poor thing like me!"

A friend had applied to him under deep spiritual trouble. "There will be doubts and

* In 1846, Lady Grace Douglas, the originator and munificent maintainer of the Canongate mission, died—"She was sensible to the very last," wrote the missionary, on retiring from her death bed. "She was in a very happy frame of mind. She was a saint indeed: she is now in glory. I have lost a kind friend." Her son, Mr. Douglas of Cavers, continued the mission; and the Lord continued to bless it.

fears," he writes, in reply, on 10th March, 1846, "but we must not cherish them,—we must not question God's ability to save, nor must we question His willingness to save, for He hath sent His own dear Son into the world to save us. We cannot be so willing to confess sin as He is to pardon it; we cannot desire to be saved so much as He delights to save. He may hide himself from you; yet lift up your heart to Him and wait for Him; in His own time He will make Himself known unto you. Once you have got Christ in the arms of your faith, you will have to say, 'I have found the sweetest of all blessings.'"

And to another he writes on 14th September, 1846:—"What need have we to be living for Jesus! But there will be no living for Him till we are in Him and He in us. Ay, we must be planted in Him before we grow up to Him who is the head. Oh, my dear brother, have you discovered what is Christ's matchless excellency, so as to draw off your heart from sin and the perishing things of this world?

Have you felt the cords of His love about your heart and will, constraining you to yield yourself *wholly* to Him? Is your heart drawn out in love and affection to the Lord Jesus Christ above all things, so that the desire of your soul is to Him and to the remembrance of His name? Do you think you are growing liker to Him, more holy, more humble, more meek, more heavenly-minded? Are you troubled at the thought of being at a distance from Christ, when at any time you are drawn off Him by sin and Satan and the world's allurements? My dear brother, I confess that I am wanting in these things. Oh! that I may be drawn off from resting on duties, or from putting any attainments in Christ's room!"

"Our friend, Dr. Chalmers, is wonderfully well," wrote Mr. Paterson to Mr. Edie, on 3d April, 1847, "and closes his labors on Wednesday, for the winter. The Lord has enabled him to go through with great life, the young men say." Two months afterwards Dr. Chalmers was suddenly summoned to his heavenly

home. "What a solemn and affecting event," Mr. Edie writes to his friend, on 3d June, "has happened within these few days! Our sentiments respecting our dear and valuable friend have all along been the same; and our feelings, now that his Master and ours has seen meet to call him away from the scene of his labors to the everlasting rest of the saints, will, I have no doubt, be very similar. I am sure you have been earnestly praying that this dispensation of the Lord may be blessed to the afflicted family of our venerable departed father, to ourselves, and to the Church of Christ, of which, by His grace, he was so great an ornament. Well might the *Witness* say, 'It is the foremost champion of Christianity who has fallen—it is the mind that acted with the greatest power on society that has passed so unexpectedly from amongst us.'"

The time was now approaching when the two brothers, who had entered together the narrow way, were together, like their spiritual father, to "finish their course." From the last re-

maining letters, interchanged betwixt them, we cull a few sentences."

"Your very welcome letter," wrote Mr. Paterson, to his friend, on 8th March, 1850, "found me in my bed—it cheered and comforted my soul. I find my work hard for me now; but, thanks be to my God, I feel my heart as much in it as ever. I have reason to believe that the Lord is blessing His own sweet Word to many. My meetings were never better attended since I came to the Canongate—the Sabbath meetings crowded to the door—the Wednesday meetings well attended, I think about seventy. A great many *men* come; it is no easy matter to get *them* out. It is the Lord that inclines them to come; and He has met with some of them and blessed His Word to them.

"I was truly refreshed to hear," he adds, "that you have felt so much nearness to God your Father, through Jesus your dear Saviour. Oh, what grace can do!—make us partakers of His own image and likeness! Oh, how

humbling to us that He should have taken such wretched creatures into so near a relation to Himself!"

And writes Mr. Edie, on 9th January, 1851:—"I trust you have experienced, in this recent affliction, as you have often done heretofore, the blessedness of a heart stayed upon God. What an unspeakable privilege is it—what a consolation—that we can, in all circumstances of affliction, whether of body, mind, or estate, resort to Him who hath said, 'I will be a *Father* unto you, and ye shall be my sons and daughters!' Oh, may all these corrections, though not pleasing to flesh and blood, not joyous but grievous, yet, in our case, yield the peaceable fruit of righteousness, when we are exercised thereby! What a fleeting, transitory scene is this! How needful to be watching, praying, working! Our times are in *His* hand, who careth for us, and with whom we desire and hope to spend our eternity. How sweet and refreshing are these words, 'He that liveth and believeth in me shall never die!'

Oh, that our respective families may, every individual of them, be His!"

"Let us stir up one another," are Mr. Paterson's last words to his friend, (4th August, 1851,) "to think more upon our dear Saviour, woo thought upon us when we had no thoughts about Him, and loved us when we had no love to Him. Oh, my brother, what a goodly heritage have they who have Christ for their portion! I am sure you can say, 'the Lord is my portion.' And what a glorious master Jesus is, who makes all His servants kings—who has a throne and a crown for every one of them—who pardons all their sins, and accepts all their weak services! Little does the world think what an honor and happiness it is to serve Christ here, or what glory He has in reserve for them hereafter, I am sure I can say He has been a kind, loving Master to me; and I have reason to be ashamed of myself that I have not served Him better. He goes with me and stands by me, saying, 'Fear not, for I am thy God; I will

strengthen thee, yea, I will help thee, yea, I will uphold thee with the right hand of my righteousness. I will go before thee and make the crooked places straight; I will break in pieces the gates of brass, and cut in sunder the bars of iron.' O yes, many a shut heart He has opened, and caused his own word to enter into the hearts of His enemies, and made them a willing people in the day of His power. Yes, had not the Lord done this, it never would have been done by me; ay, and had He not gone before me and stood by me, I never could have gone to the places I have gone to. Not unto me, but unto our God be all the glory.

"Now, my dear brother," he adds, "how are you and your family? I hope you and they are all well. I was in Fife for three weeks in June. I was in Kilmany again and again."

"It almost looked," says Dr. Hanna, in describing Dr. Chalmers' farewell visit to his native village, "as if that peculiarity of old

age which sends it back to the days of childhood for its last earthly reminiscences, had for a time and prematurely taken hold of him." Alexander Paterson revisited Kilmany with a yearning even more tender. It was in every sense his native village. And as his labors were now hastening to a close, it was fitting that the scene which had witnessed his birth as "a new creature in Christ Jesus," should be enshrined in his holiest memories, and should witness his latest thanksgivings.

## CHAPTER XII.

**The Cholera Patient—The Missionary on the Straw—Seized with Cholera—Heavenly Aspirations—The Rod—Robert Edie—Girded Loins—The Lighted Lamp—The Prayer-Meeting—The "Translation"—Alexander Paterson "Behind"—Faint yet Pursuing—Last Visit—"This is Death"—"All Settled"—Death-bed Utterings—Departed—The Ramah Lament—The Epitaph.**

ONE night, about nine o'clock, two young men called at Mr. Paterson's house, asking him to go and see a man in St. John Street, who was in great distress. Our missionary had been out seven hours that day visiting in the wynds, and had just come home very much worn out with his labors.

"I'm very tired," he said, "and not very able to go. Is the case urgent?"

"Yes; he is very anxious about his soul—it's *cholera*, and he is very ill."

"Well, I'll go."

"But are you not afraid?"

"Oh no; as he is anxious about his soul, I'll go with you instantly."

They soon were at the house. As they entered, a dismal spectacle presented itself. There was no fire in the room—all was in confusion; the man's wife and daughter, the latter a woman about twenty-five years of age, lay in one corner in a state of intoxication—in another corner lay a man and his wife in a similar condition—in a third corner, stretched upon a pallet of damp straw, was the cholera patient, already in a far advanced stage of the disease. Two doctors were there, but they immediately left.

"You're very ill?" said the missionary, going at once to the dying man.

"Oh yes," he replied, stretching out to him his hand, which was already as cold as death, "I'm *very* ill."

"Do you think you're dying?"

"Yes, yes."

"What is your hope?"

"Oh, sir, I have no hope. I'm going to hell,—I have been an awful sinner—I have lived without God and without Christ, and I've no hope. I've neglected the holy Sabbath, and the house of God, and the Bible. Oh, I'm a great sinner!" Then looking up to the missionary, and grasping his hand more firmly, he added—"Oh, sir, do you think there is mercy for such a sinner as me?"

Mr. Paterson spoke of the blood of Jesus, but the man's agony only grew deeper and more harrowing. "Oh, when I look back at my ungodly life," he cried, "I see nothing before me but hell. Oh, my sins deserve hell, the hottest place in it! Oh, what shall I do to be saved!"

By this time the missionary, in the depth of his concern for the poor man, had lain down beside him on the straw, beseeching him to be reconciled to God. When he rose to go away, the man clung to him with a convulsive energy. At last, after again praying, he left the house, accompanied by the two young men

who had come for him. He went back early next morning to see him, but he was gone—he had died about ten minutes after they parted during the night. It was on 10th September, 1849.

Not long afterwards Mr. Paterson himself was seized with the terrific malady. Contrary to all expectation, he was raised up. But the attack so weakened him, that he never was able to engage in his duties with the same vigor.

Enfeebled in body, he seemed to grow daily in grace. Now, more than ever, he lived in the world as not of it. There was a marked change in his whole deportment, and especially in his prayers. He used frequently to say that he would soon be withdrawn from this earthly scene. "One could scarcely describe," says a friend who often saw him, "the heavenly spirit which breathed in all he said and did."

"Oh, how much," we find him writing in one of his latest letters, "our bodies hinder the

ascent of the soul heavenward! how often drowsiness overcomes our evening communion with our God, the weakness of the flesh overpowering the willingness of the spirit! Oh, what a matter to be instant in season and out of season in the mortification of the flesh! Let us be earnestly seeking for a heart delighting in heavenly things. I am sure the more the flesh is denied for the service of God, the more we shall be raised above the world and the things of time. But as long as we are in the body, we shall have to complain and mourn that our souls cleave unto the dust. Oh, for more self-denial. Oh, how much more fervent would be our prayers—how much more fruitful in blessings, were they enlivened with more abundant delight in the blessed work of praise! Oh that the subject of the heavenly song may more and more engage our hearts on earth,—Jesus and His love—the worthiness of the Lamb that was slain—His power, and riches, and wisdom, and strength, and honor, and glory, and blessing!"

And in another letter :—"I have again been in the school of discipline. After my meeting I felt a severe pain near my heart—I thought it was death. The doctor was sent for; he was twice at me every day for ten days. I was left very weak by the great discharge of blood. But, thanks be to my God, He kept my mind in perfect peace; His Word was my comfort in my affliction. Oh, how sweet is His Word! It is the only warrant for a poor sinner to believe on the Lord Jesus Christ. And HE is the great object of our faith. He says, 'Look unto ME,' 'Behold ME.'—Oh, what a blessing," he adds, "is sanctified affliction! By it we are kept from departing from our Father. How soon would we depart from Him! There is so much sin and corruption within these hearts—at least mine, so much of self, and so apt are we to get into conformity to the world, that if we were not brought under the rod, we should in a little not know ourselves. Woe be to that person to whom He ceases to be a reprover!"

Meanwhile Robert Edie was on his farm, enjoying robust health. That he was not walking with ungirded loins, we may gather from some incidental indications of his inner life, left behind him amongst his papers. The first is a paper hung up in his large writing-desk, where he kept his money and papers, and which he used every day. It was so placed as to meet his eye every time he opened the desk:—

"Let my refuge, like that of the psalmist, ever be in God; nor let the most adverse and menacing events ever dispossess me of my confidence.

"Fear thou not, for I am with thee. Be not dismayed, for I am thy God. I will strengthen thee, yea, I will uphold thee with the right hand of my righteousness."

The next is in the shape of two brief prayers or meditations:—

"O my God, help me, for I trust in Thee, and not in an arm of flesh. Give me grace that I may wait upon the Lord. 'Thanks be unto God for His unspeakable gift.'"

"O my God and Saviour, remember me, remember me now in Thy infinite mercy and love. O let me not wander any more from Thee. Apprehend me and bless me greatly. My glorious Redeemer, I am Thine. I am dead; cause me to live to Thy glory. Bless, O bless the dear family."

The last is dated "Rankeilour, Tuesday Evening, November 19, 1850:"—

"My God, make Thy grace sufficient for me. Oh, for Christ's sake, befriend me at this time. Let me not sin against Thee. Give me the spirit of power, and of love, and of a sound mind. Jesus Christ, my Lord and my God, bless me indeed. Oh that Thou wert ever and now present to the eye of my faith! My Father, be gracious unto me, and give me the blessedness of knowing that I am Thine. Let not this precious time be lost. I have seen and heard much this day to make me consider seriously my state. God in Christ Jesus, be merciful to me, and enable me now and hence forth to live for Thee and to Thy glory.

I believe, help mine unbelief. Oh that the sudden death I heard of, made me think of my own death and be incessant in preparation for it. The Lord bless him whose guest I am; make him indeed Thine, altogether Thine. Remember the dear family at home."

Another "sudden death" ere long startled him. It was the friend under whose roof that "Meditation" had been penned. "I have felt deeply," we find him writing, on 9th August, 1851, to his son, "the departure of Mr. Crichton. He was my constant friend for the last twenty years. What a world of change! Let us seek a city which hath foundations."

The "city which hath foundations" he himself soon reached. "I was with your dear father last night, at a prayer-meeting at Burnside," wrote Dr. C——, to Mr. Edie's son, in a letter dated Elliothead, 13th August, 1851, half-past three, A. M., "and, after concluding the last prayer, he suddenly fainted, and notwithstanding all we could do, he died in about ten minutes without a struggle. It is very

comforting that our dear friend was called away while employed in his Master's service. Oh, that we may be all followers of those who, through faith and patience, are now inheriting the promises."*

The stroke, it may well be supposed, was felt keenly by Mr. Paterson. "Truly it was a shock to me," he wrote on 18th August, "the death of my dear brother, Robert Edie. Indeed, I have hardly been fit for thinking upon anything ever since. We were *brothers*, in the real sense of the word. We always were of one heart and of one mind. Oh! he did enjoy communion with his God, and with his dear Saviour, as he called him.† He has got be-

* See Appendix.

† His daily walk with God is indicated by another scrap found among his papers:—"July 2, 1850.—General Rules framed by R. Edie, for his guidance in the great duty of rightly spending his time, which he humbly hopes God, in His great mercy and tender compassion, will graciously enable him to attend to when at home and in health.

"I. During the months of April, May, June, July, August and September, to rise at or before half-past five o'clock in the morning—to spend, if possible, and though with occa-

yond me now—nothing to mar his communion above. He was a dear brother in Christ to me! Oh, the grace of our God, that took possession of our hearts forty years ago! At the same time we were 'born again;' we set out together for heaven; but he has got the crown before me. I was always behind; I was always a dull scholar: he was faithful, but I loitered by the way. You and I are left behind in this weary wilderness. It will be our turn next. Let us be walking very near to

sional interruption, about an hour in reading, meditation, and secret prayer, and to have family worship at or before seven. After breakfast, to attend to the affairs of the farm and other duties, and to secure, if practicable, a short time for retirement before dinner—say betwixt twelve and one o'clock. During the day, and when engaged in necessary business, to cultivate the habit of watchfulness and prayer, and the keeping of the heart with all diligence. Both before and after the evening family devotions, endeavor to be alone with God for a shorter or longer period, as circumstances permit.

"II. During the mornings of October and November, to rise at six—December and January, at seven—February and March at six—family worship perhaps a little later during those periods. The other observances under the first head to be continued throughout the time included in the present."

God, as our dear departed brother walked. And as God has taken him, so may our God take us to Himself!"

Like his departed brother, Alexander Paterson labored and endured to the end, without fainting. "I went out at ten, to-day," says he, writing to his son, on 11th October, 1851, "and came in at half-past four; almost every day it is that hour before I get home; and often I am not in till nine o'clock at night. You will be glad to hear that my meetings are very full, so much so, that some nights the people cannot get room; and some are under concern of soul, while others have been enabled to receive the Lord Jesus as their Saviour."

In the middle of December, whilst visiting, in a wretched hovel, a case of malignant typhus, he caught the disease by which he was to be taken to his heavenly home.

When he first lay down, he said to his wife, "This is death; if I should be delirious and be led to say anything which might make you

doubt about my state, never mind; it's all settled with me long ago; I know whom I have believed."

After arranging a few matters, he said with admirable sweetness, "I am not tired of life; I have enjoyed life more than most men; I liked my work, and I liked my home. But the will of the Lord be done."

His sufferings were most acute. But not the slightest symptom of impatience was observed. Once and again, in a low whisper, such expressions as these were uttered:—"Oh, Lord! I am oppressed; undertake for me." "Perfect peace!" "Oh, death! where is thy sting?" "Who shall deliver me?" "Thanks be unto God who giveth me the victory, through my Lord Jesus Christ."

He expired on 29th December, 1851.

"Live," said the late Mr. M'Cheyne, "so as to be missed when you die." In the district, the tidings of the death of their beloved missionary fell upon the families as if it had been the death of a father. At his funeral many of

the poor people were seen weeping like chil dren.

"I shall mourn for him while I live," said one of them, an elderly female, who had been brought to the Lord under his ministrations.

"His very dust is dear to me," sobbed another, as the body was borne away.

"He was a father to me," said a third; "for sixteen years I told him all that troubled me. I've had many, many trials; and in them all he counselled me and cared for me like a parent."

And this was no mere momentary regret. Six months afterwards we visited the district; in family after family, no sooner was the name "Mr. Paterson" pronounced, than the tear started into the eye, as if the bereavement had occurred but yesterday.

The missionary's epitaph was already written. "Though ye have ten thousand instructors in Christ," the whole scene seemed to say to us, "yet have ye not many fathers."

# APPENDIX.

In an address to the Free Church Congregation at Dunbarnie, by Mr. Edie's pastor, the Rev. Alexander Cumming, we find the following:—

"The breach which God has made among us as a Session, is felt by us as an awakening Providence, and we feel stimulated by the sudden departure of our dear brother, to address you on the dealings of God with us, and to beg you to mark with us the lessons which the Great Head of the Church has been reading to us. Our beloved brother, Mr. Edie, was brought to Christ under the ministry of Dr. Chalmers in Kilmany, about thirty-five years ago, and the reality of the saving change wrought in him, was attested by a long and heavenly course. You saw in him great natural suavity, and benevolence of manner, sweetened by the infusion of vital Christianity;

you noticed his look of love, and heard his tones of kind inquiry, as he stood at the plate from Sabbath to Sabbath, and asked you of your well-being and that of your friends. You knew him to be the cheerful as well as elevated Christian. You have met him in the tumult and negotiations of the market-place, and witnessed the great meekness and straight-forward integrity with which he transacted his business. Your spiritual interests lay near to his heart; he delighted to walk every Saturday evening to the prayer-meeting which the Session have observed during the last eleven years, that he might wrestle with intense importunity for your salvation. When, in spite of this persevering earnestness he discovered few symptoms of conversion among you, he would say, 'What can it be that is hindering the success of our prayers?' Still he was not damped in his praying energy; but summer and winter, in stormy or serene weather, he would toil on to the place 'where prayer was wont to be made;' and on one night of dense darkness, he was in the act of falling over the high and steep embankment, past which the footpath from his abode to our village goes, when he providently caught

the vegetation growing at the side of it and recovered himself. Oh, if you had seconded his supplications, and prayed for yourselves as he prayed for you, what blessed results would have followed!

"All of you, dear brethren, know what it is to repeat a prayer; but how many of you know what access to God, or communion with Him is? Our departed brother knew what ordinary, and what extraordinary fellowship with Him is. Shortly before his death, he mentioned to us, that when residing in Cupar in the year 1839, the memorable year when God was shedding down His Spirit on some favored localities in the land, he was lying awake on the couch of repose, about three o'clock on a Sabbath morning in the summer, when he was meditating on the 21st chapter of John, where Christ's appearance to the disciples at the sea of Tiberias is recorded. The words recurred to his memory, in which John, convinced by the unexpected capture of the fishes that Jesus was present, said, 'It is the Lord!' and as these words of affectionate recognition passed through his mind, a sudden and awful, but delightful, sense of the Saviour's presence rushed upon his soul. He felt as if he

saw Him who is invisible; a stunning, but sublime, consciousness of His nearness filled every faculty of his mind; he started up from his bed, and poured forth his heart in adoration, wonder, and supplication before his Master; hour after hour glided on, and still he felt as if Jesus was as really before him as when He stood in the midst of the upper room on the day of His resurrection, and said, 'Peace be unto you;' and he went on venting his ardent emotions in one continuous stream of gratitude and devoted affection. And now he is with Him 'whom having not seen he loved,' and the noble exercises of that eventful morning are to be prolonged to all eternity. You have seen him on the communion Sabbath, when his whole aspect was pervaded with holy awe and love to his Master, and yearnings over you. How will you meet him, if you received, in hypocritical formality, the bread and wine at a table round which his venerable form was so often seen passing while he was watching and inwardly pleading for the whole worshipping assembly?"

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